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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

IT has been a week of struggle—between Britain and France—Britain singlehanded, France supported by most of the other Powers. On Wednesday it appeared to have reached a deadlock; but in the small hours of Thursday morning an outline of an agreement emerged. This had three main points: the judgment of The Hague Court to be taken on the Franco-Soviet Pact; the Rhineland zone to be policed by an international force (temporarily, we presume, though this has not been made clear); and the British, French and Belgian General Staffs to consult on measures of security. All this, it is understood, is subject to the assent of the British and French Governments. It represents—or at least the second point does—a considerable concession by France since she had hitherto insisted on a German withdrawal as the indispensable condition of any discussion of Hitler's proposals. But agreement with France will not settle the matter. For Germany has already refused.

Germany's Reply

Herr von Ribbentrop declares that Locarno is dead and puts the blame on France. Hitler will have nothing to do with The Hague Court; he claims that Germany alone has the right to decide that the Franco-Soviet Pact is incompatible with the Locarno Treaty. Nor will he admit any infraction of the sovereignty that he resumed over the demilitarised zone. Here then is another and more dangerous deadlock—a deadlock which Hitler will be able to exploit immediately for his coming general election, and from which, if it persists, he may gain further advantage in the future. He has clearly gone far towards the achievement of his aim in setting France and Britain at loggerheads, and by continuing to play on the strong pro-German sentiment here he may easily go farther. That, in our opinion, spells disaster. We may regret the stubbornness of France and those who stand with her; but we share their distrust of Hitler—who proclaims himself as "the herald of peace in Europe" even while he refuses to make the smallest concession towards a solution of the present crisis and announces his aggressive intentions in the East. Nevertheless we hope that negotiations will not break down. There is no hope except in a new start in the League.

Opinion in France

Our Paris correspondent writes: The French General Election this year promised to be particularly lively. But Hitler has spoilt the fun. All the controversies have gone stale; party organisers complain of a sudden falling-off in contributions. On Hitler's repudiation of Locarno there is virtual unanimity throughout the country. Everyone agrees that "France must be firm this time." This

feeling is shared by Communists and by the extreme Right as well as by the Centre parties. Seldom, if ever, has any Minister been so little subject to criticism as M. Flandin. Those in England who are shocked by M. Flandin's "unhelpful" attitude, know nothing of the state of French public opinion. On March 7th, some members of the Cabinet proposed immediate mobilisation; others held that the Locarno Powers should have recalled their ambassadors in Berlin until a settlement was reached; some advocated economic sanctions; there are still others who urge that war will be Hitler's next move and that it is foolish to let him choose his own time. The majority view, however, is that the League Powers had better work out plans now for preventing the next war. They want to replace Locarno by a strengthened League, by an all-European system of collective security. The distrust of Hitler is universal: it is shared to-day even by the Croix de Feu. They quote the maxim of Herr Wagner, Bavarian Minister of the Interior, who said last Saturday to 300,000 people: "What Hitler decides is right, and will remain eternally right. Whatever is useful to the German people is right; whatever is harmful is wrong." The doctrine has an unpleasantly familiar sound.

Italian Hopes

Italy has naturally taken a back seat in the Locarno crisis. She has not so far been able to turn it to her own advantage. Everybody's attention has been switched from Africa to Europe, but sanctions continue, and the threat of the oil embargo still remains, though the course of events in London this week may result in their being called off. Meanwhile, rumours of "peace missions" have been in the air; Mr. Jesus Afework has been reported at Djibouti "on his way to Italy," and Mr. Rickett, the celebrated oil-concessionnaire, is bound for Addis Ababa. We shall want a lot more evidence before we believe that these travellers have olive branches up their sleeves. As for the proposed "negotiations," which both Mussolini and the Emperor have agreed to in principle, they can hardly be taken seriously. Intelligent opinion in Italy does not really believe that the Italian terms would be acceptable to the League of Nations, let alone to Ethiopia. What many do hope, no doubt, is that divided counsels in Europe will ease the task of Marshal Badoglio. According to our advices from Rome, Mussolini continues to count on victory for his arms in Abyssinia—whether sanctions go on or whether they are dropped. But that victory will not be "alsbald"—except in a very strained meaning of that blessed word—and its fruits, as we have said before in these columns, may prove to be bitter-sweet.

The Disorder in Spain

The latest messages from Spain suggest that the "general situation" is easier. But has the "general situation" ever been very difficult? A number of local disturbances have occurred sporadically; there have been strikes in one town and another; some convents, churches and newspaper and political offices have been attacked and burned by mobs; clashes have taken place between rival political bands; there have been some woundings and deaths. All this is deplorable, but it does not seem to warrant the hair-raising picture of the advance of Red Russia that some of the journalists have tried to put over on us. The outrages which have been committed have not been instigated by the big political parties of the Left, and it is ridiculous to pretend they are favoured, or condoned, by the Government. They are, it is authoritatively said, the work of hooligans and wild men at either extreme who are the not unnatural product of the political and economic conditions in Spain, old and new. Disorder is obviously an embarrassment to Señor Azana and all those who are behind him in supporting a constitutional regime, and the Government must deal with it as firmly as possible. The best cure for it will be the rapid carrying out of those social and economic reforms that the country needs and demands.

A Fresh Blow at the New Deal

Mr. Roosevelt's troubles with the law courts are not yet at an end. The Supreme Court, not this time of the United States, but of the State of New York, has launched a fresh onslaught on what is left of the New Deal; and this attack comes at a quite new and, we believe, unexpected point. Mr. Roosevelt's Social Security legislation was based, largely in order to avoid the pitfalls of the Federal Courts, not on a national unified scheme of unemployment insurance, but on federal grants in aid of schemes to be set up by the separate States. But now in the Supreme Court of New York the judge has ruled that the unemployment insurance law passed in that State is unconstitutional because "compulsory contribution by an employer to be paid as an unemployment insurance benefit to an employee of another . . . constitutes an unwarranted, unreasonable, and arbitrary transfer of the property of one to another," and is therefore "without validity under our system of government." If that judgment stands, and is repeated in other States, bang goes Mr. Roosevelt's Social Security plan, and there will be nothing for it but to continue indefinitely the present methods of emergency "work-relief." Incidentally, in face of the breakdown of other forms of relief, the Federal Government now has over eleven million persons on its relief rolls, whereas two years ago it had only two millions. This is in spite of the improvement in economic activity during recent months.

Justice in Austria

The trial of thirty Socialists now proceeding in Austria provides a tragic sequel to the amnesty at Christmas. The hope that the Schuschnigg Government would at last initiate a more liberal policy has been sadly betrayed. Sixteen of those who fought in February, 1934, are still in prison and already this year six others have received heavy sentences. Altogether during last month the Austrian Courts pronounced anti-Fascist sentences amounting to 144 years' imprisonment. The measures taken against Socialists, moreover, appear particularly stringent when compared with the lenient treatment meted out to Nazi offenders. Those at present on trial were arrested over a year ago on the charge of attempting to organise a United Austrian Socialist party. The prosecution is demanding the death penalty for Herr Sailer and Frau Emhardt, the alleged leaders of the movement, and long terms of imprisonment for the others. So far the proceedings have not been marked by any special regard for justice or humanity, and the trial has been used as the excuse for a fresh series of arrests in Vienna.

The Rearmament Race

The debates on the naval and the air estimates produced nothing new—except votes for large increases of expenditure on both services. The navy is to cost us nearly £10,000,000 in the coming year, apart from the new defence programme. Included in the bill, of course, is that ridiculous luxury, the battleship, to which the Admiralty and the Government cling like grim death. We also, with Mr. Winston Churchill, deplore the 10,000-ton cruiser, which is, as he said, a naval monstrosity, useful only as a commerce destroyer and therefore useless to us. Tuesday's debate gave what the *Times* parliamentary correspondent called "invaluable evidence of the unprovocative determination of Parliament to have a literally tremendous Air Force." We need not dwell on the details of the expansion which Sir Philip Sassoon explained with much pride and pleasure—a bigger personnel and reserves, the fastest fighting machines in the world, and more of them, a number of new air stations and the rest of it. We wish we could believe that all this is really necessary for, and only to be used for, "collective security." The Under-Secretary declared that steps were being taken to prevent profiteering in this programme of expansion. We should like to know more of these steps. The Royal Commission on the Private Traffic in Arms, which might be expected to help us on this point, has unaccountably postponed its sittings. The Government wants rearmament and is likely to hold that proposals for control, let alone nationalisation, are not calculated to encourage the quickest results.

South Wales Needs Help

A few days ago there met in South Wales a conference widely representative of different varieties of political and economic opinion. Its purpose, which brought together leaders of opinion who are far more used to finding themselves on opposite sides, was to press upon the Government the sheer inadequacy to Welsh needs of the existing policy for the depressed areas, and to demand a central body strong enough to bring the various Government departments into line, and assured of Cabinet backing for a more constructive programme. Briefly, the contention of the South Wales leaders is that the attempt to solve the problems of the area by transference of workers to other parts of the country has demonstrably failed. Transference has taken place on a considerable scale; but each time an expert estimate is made of the labour surplus the total comes out larger than before. In 1931 it was put at 40,000: Lord Portal in his report of 1934 put it at 44,000 for the eastern part of the area alone. Professor Marquand, whose new book, *South Wales Needs a Plan*, can be regarded as the advance manifesto of the new campaign, puts it at not less than 60,000. In relation to a surplus of this order, the plans of the Special Commissioner are derisory. That is not his fault; he has no power to do anything on the requisite scale, or to over-ride departmental obstruction. What is wanted, as Professor Marquand shows, is a special Commission or Public Corporation, empowered to finance new industries and to take steps to put the area soundly on its feet. He and his collaborators believe that this can be done, on sound economic lines, over a period of years—if the State will help. The State should help, both because it is wrong and foolish to leave a great industrial area and its people to moulder away, and because South Wales' present troubles are largely a legacy from lopsided economic development during the war.

The Labourer's Cakes and Ale

The Unemployment Insurance (Agriculture) Bill is now through the Committee stage in the House of Commons, and due for third reading on Monday. It has emerged from Standing Committee with its essential features practically unchanged. If and when it becomes law, the agricultural labourer will be entitled to benefit at the rate of 14*s.* a week—or, for women, 12*s.* 6*d.* As Mr. T. Williams pointed out in the course of the debate, it costs a good deal more than this to maintain a prisoner in gaol. Moreover, the rates proposed under the Bill appear to be substantially lower than those the State is already pledged to provide for uninsured workers, who are not called upon to contribute, under the Unemployment Assistance Scheme. We are well aware that the provision of unemployment benefit for agricultural workers involves special difficulties over seasonal work; but, now that it has been definitely settled that there is to be a scheme, these difficulties give no warrant at all for the miserable rates which are at present embodied in the Bill. The Labour Party, with some outside support, tried hard in Standing Committee to get the rates raised to 17*s.* for men and 15*s.* for women; but they were voted down by a two to one majority.

Malnutrition

Sir John Orr's new book (*Food, Health and Income*, Macmillan, 2*s.* 6*d.*) goes more fully into the problem—scandal would perhaps be a better word—to which he has for some time been calling public attention. His investigations have led him to startling, and indeed shocking, conclusions. According to his estimates some 22,500,000 persons, or one half of the population, are living on a diet which is below the standard required for the maintenance of perfect health. ("Perfect" health, he admits, means something more than the average health of the community). In the poorest group, comprising 4,500,000, where the weekly income per head is 10*s.* or less, the average expenditure on food is estimated at 4*s.* per head. The next group, of 9,000,000, with an income of 10*s.* to 15*s.*, spends 6*s.* per head on food; the third, again 9,000,000, with an income 15*s.* to 20*s.*, spends 8*s.* on food. Only in the fourth group (income 20*s.* to 30*s.* per head) does the expenditure on food begin to be really adequate. Critics, no doubt, may pick some holes in Sir John Orr's calculations; but they will not destroy the substance of this formidable indictment. Malnutrition marches with poverty, and counts its victims by millions. On another page of this issue an article by Mr. Emil Davies offers a striking commentary on Sir John's report. He shows how the inmates of a public mental hospital can be, and are, fed adequately at a cost of just over 4*s.* per head per week—mainly owing to enormous economy of bulk purchase. We can hardly solve the problem by the simple process of putting half the nation into asylums; but Mr. Davies's story has some important morals.

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BRITISH OPINION AND BRITISH POLICY

THE British public, sure that the present crisis will pass without war, remains imperturbable as it remained when Europe just avoided war in 1908 and again in 1912 and as it remained in the crisis of July, 1914, which did end in war. Perhaps it will again take three crises before the British people, even more profoundly pacific to-day than they were before 1914, reach the point at which they can be induced to fight. But that point will assuredly come again, if we are content as we were before the last war, merely to find a diplomatic wriggle out of each crisis without facing any of the causes of conflict. In the pre-war days of international anarchy when the Balance of Power was the only basis for international relations, diplomacy could do no more than seek for loopholes and bargain for prestige. The point and meaning of the League was to institute a rule of law in Europe.

The British genius for dealing with each situation as it arises without much thought of principle, has often been commended as the fruit of ripe experience in statecraft. In days of international anarchy the independence of the honest broker with no interests of his own in Europe was sometimes a useful factor in preserving peace. But this tradition has left the British public entirely unequipped for facing the European situation to-day. We talk in this country of collective security, but we do not understand it. If the unilateral breaking of treaties without warning is to be excused or merely formally condemned and the treaty breaker assured that his reasons for breaking the law are fully appreciated in this country, then the whole system at Geneva crumbles at once to the ground. When England asked for sanctions against Mussolini all the small Powers of Europe welcomed the British lead, as they welcomed Sir Samuel Hoare's unequivocal, but quickly forgotten, announcement at Geneva. They hoped it meant that Great Britain at last realised that if she was part of the League, she must accept its obligations in every case. And they supported sanctions although their interests were not directly involved and they had much, financially, to lose. It was openly said at Geneva that most of the Powers took part because they realised that sanctions against Italy were only a dress-rehearsal for a stand against Hitlerism. To-day, in the corridors of St. James's Palace, they ask what was the use of a dress-rehearsal if there is to be no serious performance.

The second explanation of the confusion of opinion in this country is that the British people are still conscious that Germany was badly treated at Versailles and still quite unable to realise the facts about the Hitler regime. We publish to-day a letter from an Englishman with an intimate knowledge of Nazi Germany. We do not agree with its conclusions. But it has at least the merit of pointing out the danger of England's good-natured refusal to face the facts. Many English people believe that Hitler's occupation of the Rhineland was merely a reply to the Franco-Soviet pact; they try to persuade themselves that once the injustices of Versailles are removed, Hitler will settle down in the European comity of nations. We cannot too explicitly state our view that without a profound modification in the Nazi regime—and there are moderate as well as revolutionary forces opposed to Hitler—there can be no peace in Europe, but only a terrified waiting for war. This is not because of the morality of Hitler—not only because he has laid it down in terms strangely reminiscent of Machiavelli's Prince that one must govern by big lies since they are more readily believed than small lies, nor only because he regards treaties as merely temporary expedients to be broken when national interests dictate.

There is an even more disturbing reason. The economic and philosophic bases of Fascism are incompatible with peace. When a highly placed Italian official was asked why Mussolini made war on Abyssinia in spite of the offers of Britain and France to arrange for him to have most of it without war, the official replied that the war was absolutely necessary for Italy. It was economically necessary, because Fascism steadily reduces the standard of life wherever it is established and war is the Dictator's only necessary diversion; it was psychologically necessary because every child in a Fascist country is taught that to fight is manhood's greatest glory and that to conquer and expand is the State's supreme function. Of all the promises that Fascism makes war is the only one it fulfils. So it must be with Germany as long as it is controlled by Nazis.

We have independent confirmation of the story told by the reliable Diplomatic Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* that on this occasion Hitler was for a time undecided whether he should invade Austria or occupy the demilitarised zone. Some spectacular move in foreign affairs was essential; he chose the Rhineland partly because he will be more free in the East and South if he has fortified the Rhineland, partly because he was not yet ready for war. He coupled with his occupation an offer which would be tempting to the British, but which could not, as it stood, possibly prove acceptable to France or to any Powers which were sufficiently closely in touch with European events to know that a free hand against Russia or Czechoslovakia means a war in which everyone will be involved.

The article by Mr. Louis Fischer on Germany's internal situation, which we publish this week, suggests that Hitler's move was dictated by weakness, rather than by strength, and that Germany is likely to go through a series of economic crises each of which will be met, if the collective system breaks down, by a further German advance—and the next one must be beyond her present frontiers—towards the goal of German hegemony which Hitler so frankly announced in *Mein Kampf*. To escape this crisis, therefore, without building afresh at Geneva is to settle nothing and to make war only more likely in the near future.

Is there a way out? As we write Germany is sitting at the Council, France and the other League Powers are watching suspiciously while Britain looks for a compromise. No compromise that enables Hitler to convince the German people that he can bully Europe as he pleases will give us more than a temporary truce. In this the French are right, and Britain should stand by them in insisting that the unilateral and violent breach of treaties should be condemned and that Hitler must either withdraw from the Rhineland or submit his case to the Hague Court. The collective system stands or falls on that principle. Secondly, since the armed and angry isolation of Germany will settle nothing an effort should be made to start afresh and more realistically at Geneva. How far it is possible

to test Hitler's sincerity and to hold him to any bond we do not know, but the attempt should be made. The conditions for his re-entry into the League should be that he repudiates his menacing words to Soviet Russia and accepts the terms of collective security. In this country the significance of his refusal of mutual assistance treaties and his advocacy of bilateral unguaranteed non-aggression pacts has not been appreciated. In May, 1935, Hitler talked about " the possibility of localising smaller wars " and suggested that in the event of war between two Powers the other nations should " withdraw at once from both sides at the outbreak of such a conflict rather than allow themselves to be involved by treaty obligations." Concretely, does this mean anything except that other Powers should allow him to attack Czechoslovakia or Austria or Lithuania or what country you will, without interfering with him? As Mr. Litvinov explained to the Council on Tuesday, the pacts proposed by the Führer do not include a special clause, such as appears in each of the Russian bilateral pacts, which frees either of the contracting parties in the event of the other party committing an act of aggression on a third State. If one were to accept Hitler's contention that Germany intends no aggression and that the Soviet Union perhaps does, why should he prefer a pact that would allow Russia to subjugate Poland without German interference to one that would force all the Eastern European Powers immediately to unite against Russia? Actually, Europe is far too tightly bound to-day for any war to be localised, and Hitler's rejection of any mutual assistance pact in the East and his preference for bilateral pacts with his smaller neighbours are no more than an effort, in accordance with Nazi philosophy, to break up the whole collective security system and to leave each small nation at the mercy of a few powerful Fascist aggressors.

Finally, if a new start can be made in the League our sincerity must be tested as well as Hitler's. As long as the States with great empires monopolise valuable markets and are not prepared to extend the mandate system to their colonial possessions, countries like Germany, Italy and Japan will retain an excuse for aggression. Actually, the " have not " Powers vastly exaggerate the financial value of a colonial empire and it would solve no economic problem simply to pass back pieces of the British Empire to Germany or Italy. But we ought at once to explain our willingness fully to consider these countries' colonial grievances. More important still, there is no hope of a new start at Geneva unless the breath of war, which we have felt hot on our faces during the last week, has made us realise that an armaments race stultifies all talk of collective security. We ought to ask Germany whether on entering the League she is prepared to reverse the wheels of rearmament—and in Germany's economic situation that might be a welcome proposition—on condition that other League Powers begin similarly to disarm. And if Germany does not enter the League, the way to maintain the peace of Europe is not by each Member State arming in accordance with its own notions of its own security, but in conjunction with other peaceful Powers as part of a co-ordinated plan of collective defence. The fatal thing is for Great Britain to be half in and half out of the collective system: it would be far better, if it were now feasible, for Great Britain to accept Lord Beaverbrook's advice and go into isolation than for us to maintain the position (which was one of the causes of the war of 1914) of having engagements which amount in reality to alliances, but which are so dubious and half-stated that the peaceful States are not sure that we shall honour them, while the aggressor States gamble on our pacifism.

THE FUTURE OF THE B.B.C.

THE Report of the Ullswater Committee amounts to a handsome bouquet (on the whole, we think, deserved) to the Governors, the Director General and the staff of the B.B.C. Why the Governors should have improved the occasion by a self-satisfied Memorandum taking exception to almost every proposal of the Report that they had not themselves put forward no one has been able to understand. Perhaps they wanted to justify the Committee's suggestion that the Governors need an intermixture of young blood (we know no way of guaranteeing a young attitude and a sense of humour). We suspect that Major Attlee may be right in emphasising the desirability of appointing to the Board of Governors people who are not limited to a single social class. But social class is not really the point; the point is that the Governors should be people of wide outlook and progressive temper who would not object to even the mild criticisms of a departmental committee on the ground that they may " lend themselves to undue and even sensational emphasis when taken from their context and treated in isolation for special propaganda purposes." In view of the generally eulogistic nature of the Report, which includes a suggestion that their salaries should be raised, a bashful bow from the Governors would have been a more fitting acknowledgment.

The Committee's report is a well-balanced and intelligent document. On the negative side it commits only a few sins of omission; positively the adoption of its recommendations would meet many of the more serious criticisms of the B.B.C.

A serious omission is the refusal to require a full accounting of the expenditure of the B.B.C. The Corporation's funds are drawn from the public pocket by legal enactment and are, in everything but the technical sense, public money. There is no reason why the expenditure of this money should not be publicly known, and every reason why it should. The Committee itself remarks that the salaries paid to several high B.B.C. officials exceed the Civil Service scale; we are justified in wishing to know why, and by how much. The Post Office Estimates, despite the objections made by the Committee, would provide a satisfactory example for the B.B.C. in the future. The small amendment recently made by the B.B.C. in the presentation of its accounts is far from sufficient.

The most popular of the Committee's recommendations will undoubtedly be the one which advises less depressing and less exclusively orthodox programmes on Sundays. The most unquestionably just are those which deal with employment conditions. The report requires that the appointment of staff shall be regularised and put under the control of a Selection Board, whose membership should include a Civil Service Commissioner and perhaps another outside person; that " the staff should be free from any control by the Corporation over their private lives "; that staff representation by Trade Unions or internal associations should be encouraged.

To these recommendations the Governors of the B.B.C. object, claiming that the staff are not in fact controlled in their private lives and that the other recommendations are unnecessary. If the first claim is true—rumour has exaggerated the interference at least in recent times—then the B.B.C. should have no objection to the staff's private liberties being formally guaranteed. The suggestion that the other safeguards are unnecessary is one that no cautious person can accept. We know of no occupation in which the employees require no protection and in which no system of regularising appointments is useful. Here the Commission seems to us to have

missed its opportunity. Surely the way to meet the B.B.C.'s reasonable demand for elasticity in methods of appointment was to make a distinction between the administrative staff, which we think should be appointed on Civil Service lines, and the programme staff, which we agree cannot be recruited by such orthodox methods.

The Committee recommends that no broadcaster or potential broadcaster should be black-listed for having criticised the B.B.C. The point is important, for if it is believed that persons whose views are regarded as unorthodox or who have for one reason or another fallen into the black books of the Corporation will find themselves excluded from the microphone, those who are broadcasting will tend not to criticise, while those who have broadcast and who still venture criticism will be regarded as disgruntled persons whose views need not be seriously considered. But no legislation can overcome this difficulty; the B.B.C. is an independent monopoly and cannot be controlled in its choice of broadcasters. The only checks are the expression of public demand and the Corporation's own sense of fairness and proportion. But the accusation that there is a "black-list" raises another far-reaching issue. No one who has studied recent programmes of the B.B.C. can fail to notice a growing timidity in the Talks. Amongst Sir John Reith's many merits as Director-General none was more outstanding than his belief in education, and his realisation that the B.B.C. was not, like a mass-circulation newspaper, under any compulsion to arrange its programmes to suit the lowest common factor of the population. Sir John avowedly and deliberately set himself the task of upholding good standards in music and literature and social discussion, while, of course, retaining a large proportion of pure entertainment. He has been constantly and unfairly attacked by some newspapers, because he takes notice of the intelligent minority. His just reply is that it is his business to cater for all tastes on the wireless and that with the development of a larger choice of programmes and the growing importance of the regional stations it should be possible for him to increase the educative side of B.B.C. work. During the last ten years the B.B.C. has built up an elaborate organisation for listening groups all over the country. There is a persistent rumour that the fixed times set aside for educational talks are shortly to be given up or greatly curtailed. The solution lies, we suggest, in devolving more responsibility on the regions, which are better placed than the national programme as centres of adult education. Indeed, this is but one example of the need for devolution in the B.B.C. The organisation in London is too big. It tends to become inflexible and too bureaucratic.

Generally speaking, the B.B.C. news bulletin is admirable, and we believe that the B.B.C.'s fair presentation of the news, during the Italo-Abyssinian war especially, has done an immense service in educating the public and in checking the grosser types of partisanship in the newspapers. It is undesirable, as the Committee agrees, that the B.B.C. should be wholly dependent on the commercial agencies for its news supply, and we hope that the policy of supplementing the news on the tape-machine with an independent B.B.C. news service will be extended. We should add that a policy of confining "topicality" on foreign and political subjects to the news bulletin prevents a more considered presentation at other times in the programme. Major Attlee points to the overwhelming power of the B.B.C. in a crisis and rightly urges that on all occasions, even in time of war, it should be understood that minority views should be expressed on the wireless.

We have kept to the end discussion of the Committee's most controversial proposal. It suggests the appointment of a minister who should be responsible for "the cultural side" of broadcasting, while technical matters should be outside his control, and should defend the Broadcasting Estimates in Parliament. Now, it is clear that some public control of this powerful Corporation is essential, and that the existing constitution has sometimes prevented Members of Parliament from asking questions that should have been answered. The new form of control proposed, however, even though it may add to the prestige of the Corporation, is likely to bring about a greater measure of supervision than that now exercised by a busy Postmaster-General. And the Committee has not at all clearly outlined the proposed relations between this "independent" Corporation and the minister. We can imagine, indeed, a useful function for such a person, if he were to act as the guardian of free speech, to see that no bias and narrowness were allowed to influence the programmes, nor such prohibitions to occur as the recent refusal to allow Mr. Lansbury to broadcast on his peace policy. For this, he would have to be a man of firm will, quick decision, and great alertness against the usurpations of authority. The *Times* suggests Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

THE ECONOMIC CRISIS IN GERMANY

GERMANY'S present economic plight helps to explain why Hitler occupied the Rhineland, and it also suggests that the nervous impotence with which all the Powers face an offending Germany is ridiculous and unwarranted. It indicates that Germany is extremely vulnerable, and that, if the League Powers desired, Hitler could be checked by a few well-aimed economic measures which would cost Europe much less than the billions it is spending on armaments and be at least as effective.

The German economic situation is desperate. The Nazis know it. The nation feels it. There is suffering, and, what is worse, there is hopelessness. The troops, it is said, were needed in the Rhineland as much to awe Catholic and proletarian opposition as for any other purpose. Saxony and Silesia are discontented. Unemployment, even according to official admission, has risen. The food problem grows more complex daily. Hence the violent quarrels which have occurred in recent weeks between Dr. Schacht, Germany's economic dictator, and the "radical" Nazis who to-day dominate Hitler's mind. Dr. Schacht has, it is known, threatened to resign on more than one occasion. His best friends in Berlin admit that he is extremely uncomfortable because he cannot check the rapid deterioration of the nation's economy.

The Nazis are great believers in artificially stimulated popular enthusiasm, and Goebbels and Hitler are masters in the art of producing it. During the last few months the Nazi leadership has felt keenly the need for foreign political victories to bolster up national morale. If Germany is free and defiant and has enough cannons why worry or think about butter, eggs and clothes? This is the psychology which demands a regular diet of national triumphs. Berlin was lucky in 1935. In January came the Saar plebiscite; in March, military conscription and another instalment of Versailles-scrapping; in June, the Anglo-German naval agreement which raised Hitler's prestige. But since then the absence of similar victories has concentrated attention on internal difficulties which cannot bear such attention. Hitler is exploiting the Rhineland's remilitarisation to stir national passions and to obtain an overwhelming vote of confidence which might have been denied him—falsification and electoral terror notwithstanding—if it had been taken on a domestic issue.

Germany's foreign trade position is critical. Foreign trade is important to Germany; she must have the means to buy food and the raw materials which enable her to arm and to employ her workers. Goebbels said a few weeks ago that you could not have fats as well as armaments. To-day the supply of both fats and armaments is threatened.

The Reichsbank's total gold holdings on February 29th, 1936, were 71,675,000 Marks—a paltry £6,000,000. In addition, Germany has a secret gold fund of 200,000,000 Marks, probably reserved for the army's needs and consisting of 73,000,000 Marks withdrawn from the provincial banks when they were forbidden to issue notes and a 125,000,000

Marks net import surplus of gold from the U.S.S.R. in 1934–35. Neither of these items has appeared in any Reichsbank statement. But even together with this uncommercial reserve the total is miserably small for a great State.

The root of the trouble is that Germany cannot find markets and cannot get cash for what she does market. About 80 per cent. of Germany's exports are bartered for imports. Add another 10 per cent. for interest charges, diplomatic and consular expenses, etc., and this leaves only 10 per cent. in actual money. Germany has few invisible exports because she has so few investments abroad.

This is the clue to the present grave economic crisis about which Schacht has been issuing pointed warnings for some time. An economic system like Germany's must operate at a profit, and now that profit may disappear entirely. Before the world war, Germany had 25 billion Marks in long and short investments abroad. Through the importation of war supplies or through seizure, these assets had vanished by 1918. Between 1918 and 1923 Germany showed a net deficit of eleven billion Marks in her foreign trade. This, however, was balanced by income from the sale of paper Marks to foreigners. The Reparations Commission put these currency sales at thirteen billions, the Brookings Institute of Washington, D.C., at eight. A new period of foreign borrowing opened in 1924. From then to 1933 Germany obtained approximately 28 billion Marks abroad, much of it in the United States. Some of this colossal sum was repaid, some has been cancelled or devaluated, and some 7 billions are still owing. With Hitler, the days of foreign loans and credits naturally ended. But Schacht pulled a trick in the form of 30 to 40 clearing or barter agreements. Under these, by the end of 1934, Germany had in effect received a merchandise credit of 800,000,000 Marks, for she paid in goods more slowly than she took others' goods. Now the figure has probably been reduced to 600,000,000 Marks, because many countries, France and Czechoslovakia, for instance, are in revolt against this disguised form of advancing money to Germany. Thus this source of income, too, threatens to dry up in the near future. But even if it continues it is too small to oil the machine of Germany's national economy, pitifully small compared with the billions of earlier periods.

The whole problem is to-day aggravated by the rising tendency in the world price of the raw materials which Germany must import and by the weaker demand for German finished goods exports. Schacht, therefore, has been struggling frantically to stimulate exports, especially cash exports. But he encounters almost unbelievable obstacles. Apart from the unofficial boycott inspired by foreign sympathisers with the victims of Nazi terror, Germany's exports tend not to attract customers. Several months ago an American firm sold Germany a press which stamps automobile parts. The price was 43,000 Dollars. Germany paid with 200,000 canary birds, which are bred in the Harz Mountains, in Central Germany. The debt of a foreign film organisation was recently liquidated by giving the company a live hippopotamus. These laughable cases reflect a serious state of affairs: Germany's wanted exports—chemicals, optical instruments, etc.—are sold through foreign branches, in barter, under long-term contracts, and by cartel arrangements. The ever-declining quality of German manufactures makes many other commodities unattractive to foreign buyers. When she devotes the bulk of her imported raw materials and many of her finest factories to arms making she reduces still further her ability to export. As a result, Germany's exports, which averaged 850,000,000 Marks a month in 1913, 1,050,000,000 Marks in 1928, and 800,000,000 Marks in 1931, were down to 375,000,000 a month in 1935. Imports, accordingly, have fallen, too. Germany, consequently, cannot buy abroad what she so urgently needs for the maintenance of her national economy and the happiness of her people. German bankers and business men who come to Paris, Amsterdam and London talk openly of this calamitous predicament, but add that they are powerless to change it. Schacht has tried. He has failed because even the limited existing exports are maintained by a huge export subsidy averaging 20 to 25 per cent. of the total value of German exports and raised by "voluntary" levy of from 5 to 8 per cent. on the turnover of all industrialists, whether they export or not. Capitalists are disconsolate over this measure not merely because it robs them of their profits, but because it robs the country of its liquid capital.

This, indeed, is the outstanding characteristic of the present economic impasse in Germany; capital is being frozen in armaments, in road building, in heavy Government subsidies, and in numerous other pursuits which bring no immediate financial return. This has been Schacht's complaint. He has the support of many conservative business people and even of certain army leaders. But Hitler, Goebbels, Göring, Ley and the "radicals" submit that political considerations require a continuation of the crazy round of national spending. When it is submitted to them that soon the bottom of the national exchequer will be reached they hint that they could raise money through a capital levy or outright confiscation. There is a warranted suspicion that some of the Right opposition to the Rhineland and Locarno move was due to their fear that its success would encourage the "radicals" to try uneconomic "stunts" calculated to freeze still more capital, alienate the last shred of foreign financial sympathy and bring Germany to the verge of business paralysis. Small wonder that the Berlin stock market reacted very unfavourably to Hitler's March 7th speech and that there was a run on many German savings banks, which thereupon limited daily payments to 100 Marks per depositor.

When assets are buried in guns and battleships, when imports of food are sacrificed to imports of metals, the standard of living declines. The period between January, 1933, and October, 1934, saw a reduction in real wages for industrial and clerical workers of 25 per cent., and, together with the subsequent drop, the total fall in Germany's standard of living under the Hitler regime is put at 30 to 35 per cent. If the inferior quality of manufactures be included, the decline is still greater. Hence the appreciable narrowing of the regime's popular support. Nazi leaders are honest enough not to promise an improvement of material conditions. On the contrary, Goebbels has said that wages cannot be increased. "The wage level," Josef Winschuh warned in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, "will scarcely bear further price rises." Yet shortage and the resulting speculation which persists despite official persecution of offenders have, of course, driven prices up. Winschuh actually urges that wages be decreased; he says that exports must be stimulated and that "the standard of living should be subordinated to this purpose." It already has been, but with little effect. Yet this is the outlook. The Germans do not like it. They dislike it not only because it is uncomfortable, but because they do not see where it can end.

This desperate economic situation was a chief motive in inspiring the remilitarisation of the Rhineland and the cancellation of the Locarno treaties. Berlin hoped that the patriotism engendered by these steps would cover up a multitude of economic sins and evils. Sending an army into the Rhineland, however, solves no economic problems. The problems remain, and they seem likely to defy solution in the future, for the situation could only be eased if Germany were granted large foreign markets, which no nation wants to surrender because it needs them itself.

The prospect is, therefore, that the German internal difficulties which helped to create the present international crisis will continue to exist and, if anything, grow worse. The crucial question, then, is: How long will the stimulus of March 7th remain effective, and when will the same set of circumstances call for the injection of a new dose of patriotism in the form of another foreign political victory? The conviction that Germany "can get away with it" and that drastic action goes unpunished, perhaps rewarded, will not tend to deter those Nazis who believe in circuses when there is too little bread.

LOUIS FISCHER

A LONDON DIARY

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN hit an important nail on the head when he reminded the House of Commons that Locarno was made quite as much for Germany's safety as for France's. The point was well rubbed in by Professor Morgan's first-hand account in Wednesday's *Daily Telegraph* of the actual circumstances in which the Treaty was drawn up. English people have quite forgotten that the Germans regarded Locarno as a safeguard against a repetition of the French invasion of the Ruhr, and I understand that the promise of the signatories to "lend assistance" to the wronged Power, even in the event of a non-flagrant breach of the Treaty, was put in to please Germany. Dr. Gauss, who was reported to be coming with the German delegation to London this week, was, I believe, the special sponsor of this vital sentence in the Treaty.

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When Hitler's troops entered the Rhineland I am told that the Poles at once informed France that they would wholeheartedly support a firm stand, but would not give any support to a weak protest. They took exactly the same realistic attitude in the Spring of 1933, when Germany's intention to rearm was patent. In March Pilsudski concentrated five army corps near the German frontier and sounded France and Britain on the advisability of a "preventive war." Rumour said that General Weygand, then French Chief of Staff, favoured the suggestion: in April Polish troops occupied the Westerplatte, a strip of Danzig territory. Germany was alarmed. On May 16th, 1933, President Hindenburg wrote his assistant, State Secretary Meisner, a note the facsimile of which was published in the Berlin *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of August 12th, 1934, saying: "These days you can of course get in touch with me at any time of the day or night." The German Government, apparently, expected an invasion, and Hindenburg wanted to be available. (At other times, his secretaries knew that the "Old Man" must never be roused out of his sleep.) The very next day Hitler summoned the Reichstag to listen to a long pacifist speech, which the Western Powers welcomed because they did not want to fight. The public did not know the reason for Hitler's speech, and Paris vetoed Pilsudski's preventive war.

* * *

Pilsudski, always a realist, thereupon decided that, with Germany continuing an illegal rearmament and the League doing nothing about it, he had better come to terms with the enemy, and Hitler, with an eye on the Polish troops, gave Lipsky, the Polish envoy in Berlin, a pledge to abide by existing treaties and not to violate the Corridor. The Polish army corps were withdrawn and the German-Polish agreement followed. But Poland has never imagined that Hitler's word could be believed about the Corridor or about anything else. Speaking of the Polish treaty on March 11th, Goebbels said (I quote from the *B-Z am Mittag*): "We will observe this Treaty because it springs from wisdom." Actually it sprang from fear of a preventive war, and how safe the Polish Corridor is may be judged from the fact that, in May of last year, Hitler protested in words almost identical with Goebbels' that he would honour Germany's signature about the demilitarised Rhineland.

* * *

When I first saw a world boycott of the Olympic Games suggested as a sanction against Germany I was inclined to laugh. Inquiry has convinced me that it is an eminently sensible proposal. Financially, Hitler hopes to gain several million pounds in foreign currency, which he needs to buy raw materials for the arms which he is purchasing from foreign countries against whom he may use them a little later. And psychologically, the failure of the Games would be immensely effective. The facts would speak more plainly than any explanation that Hitler might give. Quite apart from the Rhineland occupation, there is an excellent case for the boycott purely on the ground that Hitler broke the rule not to discriminate against racial minorities in the selection of teams. If the world boycotted the Games, the German people would really know that scrapping treaties and outlawing a racial minority were not regarded with favour by the world outside, and they might even guess the terrible truth that Hitler is ruining them economically and driving them into hostility with all their neighbours.

* * *

Why did Mr. Baldwin choose Sir Thomas Inskip as Minister of Defence? Because he has been Solicitor-General and Attorney-General and was the somewhat apologetic defender of the Sedition Bill? Because he is a very honest evangelical Christian who wages war against Communism and Sunday cinemas, and who is President of the Lord's Day Observance Society? Because he dislikes Mr. Lloyd George as much as he disliked the new prayer book? Or was it just because he is believed to have no special knowledge concerning those industrial, strategic and military matters of which he is now put in charge? (Basing his claim on an analogous ignorance of law, Mr. Winston Churchill, according to a House of Commons story, has applied for the post of Attorney-General.) Or was it, as someone said, that he was the only man whom Mr. Baldwin could find with a less colourful personality than his own? Or, again, was it because he knows how to keep a straight bat? Mr. "Plum" Warner has revealed in the *Times* that Sir Thomas once on-drove him for six, and it may be hoped that he will sublimate upon our defences the energy hitherto expended in hitting sixes and prosecuting novels of which he disapproves. I heard another explanation. I was asked by a foreign journalist why English people were still so hesitant in condemning Germany's disposition to tear up treaties. I explained that English people were not as yet sure that they had God on their side. "Ah!" said my friend, "that explains Sir Thomas Inskip's appointment."

* * *

The unfortunate effects of an inadequate law against libel are shown by what happens in France. *L'Action Française*, for instance, regularly accuses Cabinet Ministers by name of every iniquity from embezzlement to murder and the rape of little girls. And among such continuous cries of "Wolf," the revelation of any genuine scandal is likely to pass unnoticed. But in this country the law of libel is, with increasing frequency, being twisted to purposes for which it was never intended, as is pointed out in a letter to the *Times* signed by a body of eminent writers. Anyone whose name occurs in a novel can bring an action with some hope of success, though the author may never have heard of him and no actual damage is proved. Tom Jones gets from Fielding heavy damages for aspersions on his chastity. Tom Brown complains that his school days were not passed at Rugby, and that the novel suggests that he has no right to an old Harrovian tie. The difficulty for a novelist of giving to a character a name no one possesses is insurmountable; and the stranger the name, the graver his danger. He invents a person called Sophonisba Trampleasure or Melchisidek Macquitty only to find himself obliged to pay up or find himself in court. To put an end to this racket the letter suggests that such cases should be tried by judges without juries and that where the action fails the Court should be empowered to inflict damages, as for malicious prosecution, upon the plaintiff. I hope effect may be given to these suggestions.

* * *

I commend the following from the *Evening Standard* as a prize-winning example of circumlocution of the obvious.

> Some remarkable results emerge from the investigation. One of the most interesting is that as income rises from group to group, the health value of the diet improves. In the "lowest income" group the diet is inadequate in all constituents. In the "highest income" group there appears to be a superabundance of all constituents. It looks, therefore, as if the most important factor in determining the health value of the diet is purchasing power.

Or, more bluntly, not enough dibs, not enough grub.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to "Z."

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The Foreign Secretary Sir Edward Grey . . . will go down in history as a man who was the foremost in keeping the bond of this country when he thought that the interests of the country required it.—Sir Arnold Wilson, M.P. in the House of Commons, Feb. 24, 1936.

What should the British attitude be? This can best be decided by *noting what the Soviet would have this country do and taking the opposite course.*—*Daily Mail* leader.

Merely to impute want of ability to a justice of the peace is not actionable without proof of special damage, for ability is not an essential for that office.—*Fraser's Law of Libel and Slander, 6th Edition.*

Henley would not accept the entry of the Olympic champion, H. R. Pearce, in 1928, when he was a carpenter. Three years later, when he was employed by a whisky firm in Canada, his entry was accepted.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Give the parents of every boy who enlists a policy of insurance of £500 (or any amount sufficient to induce parents to part more readily with their sons) in case of death in war or death through disease in wartime.—Letter in *Daily Mail.*

Abolish from the streets the great numbers of begging ex-Service men, wearing medals and giving, by their appearance, psychologically the worst impressions of the results of an Army career to the young would-be recruits.—Letter in *Daily Mail.*

Does not the Minister think that such an incident as the order to a Guardsman to cut off his moustache is the kind of thing calculated to make our Services unattractive.—House of Commons report in *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

In order that she may play her part to perfection in the Viceregal life of India Lady Linlithgow, who sails with her husband, the new Viceroy, very soon, has spent 100 hours before a mirror in a West End fitting-room. It has taken Lady Linlithgow and her dressmaker five months to evolve her magnificent wardrobe.—*Daily Telegraph.*

My own life has been wonderfully happy and I found contentment with less than £2,000 a year.—Sir Frank Mellor reported in *Sunday Express.*

Poised and beautifully emasculated, the brigadier-general's daughter lacks the fire of the peasant Garbo.—*The Picturegoer.*

A short time ago I had the misfortune of hitting a Forest pony when I was travelling at 60 miles an hour, but the only damage done was that the boss of the handle of the back nearside door was broken. —*The Riley Record.*

"SPIRIT VOICE" SAYS "REARM" Claim at Seance.—*Daily Mail.*

SLEEP FOR ALL

I HAVE never been one of those who sneer at people who give good advice. On the contrary, I realise that if I had followed all the good advice that has been given to me since my birth, I should be a better man than I am. My nurse was right; my uncle was right; my schoolmasters were right; my professors were right. I rejected their advice, it is true, but even at the time I suspected that most of it was sound. The reason why I rejected it, I think was twofold. First, there is a certain pleasure, a bravado pleasure, in defying one's elders. Secondly, every lazy inch of one's body, every lazy pennyweight of one's spirit, shrinks from the expenditure of energy needed to carry out their instructions as to the achievement of *mens sana in corpore sano.*

As one grows older, one loses one's pleasure of bravado in defying one's elders; but the body and the spirit become lazier and lazier, more and more disinclined for effort—at least, mine do. As a result, I am even worse off as a man than I was as a boy, when it comes to trying to follow the advice of those whom I believe to be wiser than myself. I like miracles, but the givers of good advice nearly always order exercises. Do your exercises, they tell us, and you will improve in body, mind, or soul—perhaps, in all three. Now, this is to command us to become ascetics, for an ascetic, I understand, means simply a man who is perpetually performing exercises. If you are born with the instincts of an ascetic, this is easy enough. You can even enjoy yourself as you perform the exercise of not smoking, not drinking, not eating meat. If you are not a predestined ascetic, however, these exercises call for an all but Herculean effort. You have to devote half your time and thought to them. You are at war with yourself all day long, and civil war of this kind is extremely uncomfortable. Hence you feel tempted to postpone this interior cataclysm as long as possible. You promise yourself that you will be an ascetic *alsbald*, but you translate *alsbald*, not as "forthwith" but as "in due course." The only difference between the practising ascetic and yourself as you see it is that he is the ascetic of to-day and you are the ascetic of to-morrow—that he is a realist and you are an idealist. I am—I say it in no spirit of boastfulness—on the side of the idealists.

There are, however, practical enough reasons why we idealists shrink from the performance of those exercises enjoined upon us for the sake of the health of body, mind, or soul. If we performed all these exercises, we ask ourselves, when should we find time either to do our work or to enjoy ourselves? Physical exercises alone would rob us of a quarter of an hour in the morning, and, if we were wise, of another quarter of an hour at night. Then, in order to preserve our sight we should have to perform eye-exercises. How can a man who is already late for an appointment find time to shut his eyes and swing them from side to side as far as they will go twenty-five times, as if he were watching the movement of a pendulum? And this is only the beginning of them. He is conjured also to close his left eye and with his right eye look for five seconds at the point of his nose and then for another five seconds at some distant object. He must follow this by shutting his right eye and looking with his left eye at the point of his nose, and so forth; and he closes the exercise by looking with both eyes at the tip of his nose and then at a distant object, and looking from one to the other and back again a stipulated number of times. I am certain that all this is good for the sight, but it needs both time and perseverance, and I have neither.

Another method of self-improvement that I should like to go in for is breathing exercises. These may be either elaborate or simple. One exercise is to breathe into the abdomen, while massaging the solar plexus and repeating a quatrain from Omar Khayyám. Another is to stand at an open window and inhale and exhale for five minutes as if you were smelling a flower. I prefer the second method, but even here time fails me and my will flags. Coué exercises, chewing exercises, memory exercises—how I wish I had done them all yesterday, how I long to do them all to-morrow, and how utterly impossible I find it to do any of them to-day!

And now come sleeping exercises to be added to the long list of exercises that I cannot do, but that I should very much like to do if I had time. I have always in the past felt grateful for being able to sleep at all, but here comes a new book, *How Do You Sleep?* in which the author, Mr. L. E. Eeman tells me that it is my business, not only to sleep, but to sleep in a particular way. "Sleep," he declares, "is fundamentally

work and not rest." Such is the contrariness of human nature that, if I had been told this earlier, I should probably have avoided sleep like the plague. "The chief characteristic of sound sleep is," Mr. Eeman continues, "that it promotes sound repair work." The great thing then is to become efficient, instead of inefficient, sleepers. Among the inefficient sleepers, I am glad to see, is placed the odious person who is always boasting that he falls asleep as soon as his head touches the pillow. Mr. Eeman has no patience with this fellow. "Before sleep," he warns us, "always relax carefully the whole body, and rest for a time with your hands clasped and your feet crossed before you allow yourself to turn on your side to lose consciousness." Those who do this "by linking their terminals . . . complete two circuits, keep their energy circulating within themselves and store it."

If this were all that is required in order to obtain enough energy to sleep efficiently, I think I could manage it. Unfortunately, you must also practice all sorts of exercises in order to discharge energy from your brain to your body "via your vaso-motor nerves." With clasped hands and crossed feet, you have to concentrate your mind on each part of the body in turn for a few seconds. "Work upwards and inwards, commencing with the limbs: the feet, ankles, calves, knees, thighs, hips, the fingers and hands, wrists, forearms, elbows and upper arms, shoulders, shoulder-blades." At a later stage in the exercises you must "think of your brain, including its outer shell, and conceive it as loose, free, relaxed, and imagine blood circulating freely and abundantly through it, and flushing it, just as it flushes the cheeks of a blushing child." Go ahead after this, and "think of the whole inside of your trunk, also loose and relaxed, completely open to circulation, and imagine blood flushing, warming, nourishing, and scavenging every organ." If that does not give you a good nightmare, nothing will.

Even then, however, your work is not at an end. Mr. Eeman prescribes a course of deliberate day-dreams. For example, with clasped hands and crossed feet, you may imagine you are running a quarter mile—to me another nightmare. "A great many golfers, tennis players, artists, etc., have improved themselves beyond recognition by this simple method." I cannot help wondering, however, how any one who performs all the exercises described in the book finds time to sleep. You have, for example, to "imagine yourself enjoying the activities of your five senses in turn, carefully observe and memorise the changes in circulation, respiration, and well-being produced by each successive image." You imagine beautiful things seen and heard. "Then take 'taste' and mentally place in your mouth and chew, taste, and swallow, acid, sweet, bitter and salt foods, such as lemon, sugar, chicory, and salt, and any fruit or other eatable you fancy." You will find that you get fuller expansion in respiration when you think of a lemon than when you think of chicory. That is probably due to the presence of vitamins in the imaginary lemon.

Mr. Eeman protests warmly against the view of those who regard such day-dreams as a form of self-deception. He instances the man who conjures up the dream of a dead parent as of a person who is still alive. "There is," he declares, "no more self-deception in deliberately forming the image of your mother alive twenty-four hours after her death than there is in accidentally conjuring it up ten years later. In both cases, you know perfectly well that the lady is dead, but you breathe better when you imagine her in the fulness of life."

Well, Mr. Eeman is an ex-airman who has cured himself of insomnia and taught himself to sleep efficiently by the methods he advocates. I commend his book (Author-Partner Press, 3*s.* 6*d.*) to those who have stronger wills than I. Even I, as the holiday season approaches, may be tempted to clasp my hands and cross my feet and practise some of these extraordinary exercises. "Think," says Mr. Eeman, "of your tongue, loose and relaxed, of your mouth watering profusely and of swallowing." If it will improve my golf, I certainly will.

Y. Y.

FOUR SHILLINGS

In his new book* Sir John Orr tells us that some 4½ million people are unable to spend more than 4*s.* a week per head on food, whilst another 9 million can spend no more than 6*s.* a week. His statement that the diet of all in the first group is inadequate in every constituent has been amply confirmed by letters in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION from persons whose means compel them to spend no more than 4*s.* per week on food, and who gave details of their purchases. The diet of the 6*s.* per head group, while adequate in some respects, is totally lacking in such important constituents as milk, eggs, fruit and vegetables, and it is only when we come to the group spending 10*s.* per head that, we are told, the diet rises to all-round adequacy.

If these statements are correct, roughly one-half of our population is inadequately nourished. It is not the purpose of this article to attempt to refute any of Sir John Orr's startling allegations, but if I am able to prove that in certain conditions it is possible to-day to feed adequately a large number of people at the lowest sum mentioned, i.e., 4*s.* per head per week, it may provide at least food for reflection and point the way to certain possibilities in our social development.

To support an assertion it is necessary to give definite facts, and to establish my right to an authoritative pronouncement in this regard it is desirable that I should mention that I happen to be at one and the same time chairman of one of the largest mental hospitals iu the country, and chairman of the London County Council Supplies Committee, this latter being one of the greatest centralised purchasing organisations in the world.

By a coincidence, the cost of all the foodstuffs required for the maintenance of the 2,400 patients in the mental hospital referred to, last year worked out at precisely 4*s.* 0.7*d.* per head per week. It is, I think, fair to take patients under mental treatment as a test, for they are almost all able-bodied and take the necessary amount of exercise—in other words, their appetite for food is normal. Moreover, for obvious reasons, they are always home to meals.

The dietary for patients in the L.C.C. mental hospitals is worked out on a scientific basis, prescribing quantities of the various constituents, including meat, bacon, fish, vegetables, cheese, cereals, jam, honey, and cake, the daily *per capita* calorie value averaged over one week having to be not less than 3,200 for men and 3,000 for women. A table in Sir John Orr's book states that 3,000 calories is the sum required by a "moderately active man" and by a "very active woman."

We hear a great deal of the inadequate milk consumption per head of the population. The L.C.C. prescribes that male patients shall have 3.83 pints and female patients 4.25 pints of this most valuable food per week. According to Sir John Orr's tables the average consumption per head of the entire population is 3.1 pints per week, and it is not until we reach the group spending *ten shillings* per head per week, that the L.C.C. four shilling standard is reached. Condensed milk may not be used except in an emergency.

Although the mental hospital referred to is only ten miles from London, it has a considerable amount of land attached to it from which a good deal of produce is obtained, such as fresh-killed meat, milk, fruit and vegetables. But all these are charged to the institution at the full price it would cost were they purchased in the ordinary way, so that the only change so far as these calculations are concerned is in quality and not in cost.

The daily menus are varied and are drawn up for one month ahead by the steward of each mental hospital, who has full discretion to make such changes as are deemed expedient owing to certain foodstuffs, e.g. fruits, becoming suddenly plentiful and cheaper or scarce and dearer, as the case may be.

Here are the actual daily menus at one of these establish-

* *Food, Health, and Income.* By Sir John Orr (Macmillan, 2*s.* 6*d.*)

ments for the fortnight ending on the day of publication of this issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

1936. Mar.	Breakfast.	Dinner.	Tea.
8th	Lunch. sausage	Roast beef, potatoes, green veg.; bread pudding ...	Cake
9th	Rolled oats ...	Roast mutton, potatoes, haricots,; tapioca pudding	Jam
10th	Brisket beef ...	Liver and bacon, potatoes, parsnips; rice pudding	Fruit
11th	Fish fillets ...	Roast beef, potatoes, beetroot; jam pudding ...	M'lade
12th	Bacon ...	Haricot mutton, potatoes; rice pudding	Cake
13th	Rolled oats ...	Fish, potatoes; currant pudding	Jam
14th	Marmalade ...	Meat pie, potatoes; tapioca pudding	Jam
15th	Corned beef ...	Roast mutton, potatoes, green veg.; macaroni custard	Cake
16th	Rolled oats ...	Roast beef, potatoes, peas, rice pudding	Jam
17th	Marmalade ...	Meat pudding, potatoes, parsnips; tapioca pudding	Fruit
18th	Fish fillets ...	Boiled bacon, potatoes, haricots; golden pudding...	Jam
19th	Rolled oats ...	Roast beef, potatoes, beetroot; tapioca pudding ...	Cake
20th	Brisket beef ...	Fish, potatoes; raisin pudding	Jam
21st	Fish cakes ...	Savoury stew, potatoes; rice pudding	M'lade

Staple foods and beverages not mentioned are bread, margarine (the absence of butter is the only respect in which the dietary corresponds to that of the four-shilling class), tea, coffee and cocoa (one pint per head at breakfast and tea, and one half-pint additional of cocoa to patients allowed to sit up late). Patients who work within the hospital or its grounds also get a lunch of bread and cheese and a portion of tea, lime juice or other drink.

Compare this dietary with that given in a letter which appeared in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on February 22nd last from a correspondent who said he had to live on 4*s.* a week for food, which consisted of bread and margarine, sardines, tinned salmon, mustard and cress and cheese.

If an adequate dietary *can* be provided at 4*s.* a week (and this figure is official, although I should add that the cost of provisions shows a rising tendency), what are the conditions that make this possible? They are (1) that a large number of people must be fed under one roof, and (2) centralised purchasing on a large scale. What can be done in the latter respect would be a revelation to the man in the street. By reason of the enormous quantities required and the regular continuity of its needs, a bulk-purchasing organisation can enter into most advantageous contracts, in many cases with the actual producers or manufacturers. The supplier is able to make his arrangements far ahead, and in the case of a State or municipal organisation is free from all risk of bad debts. For fear of losing so important a customer he is at pains to maintain the quality of his products, and his zeal is strengthened by the knowledge that the purchasing organisation takes special pains to see that it gets what it pays for. The L.C.C. Supplies Department, which feeds and clothes something like 130,000 people daily, has its own staff of experts, trained in the different branches of the food trade (as well as in the fuel, printing, stationery, textile, clothing, timber and other trades not dealt with in this article), and its qualified inspectors go round the various institutions and inspect such consignments of meat, poultry, fish, etc., as are delivered direct by the various suppliers. Groceries, dried fruits, cereals, joints, etc., are stored in and delivered from a central depot at Peckham where the quality is under constant supervision. Actually fifty tons of foodstuffs go in and out of this depot every working day.

The figure of 4*s.* 0.7*d.* is for food alone, and does not include its preparation. A close analysis shows that the cost of administration, kitchen and stores staff works out at 5.8*d.* per week, domestic renewals (utensils, crockery, etc.) 3*d.*, and fuel, etc., including upkeep of plant, 2.6*d.*—a total of 11.4*d.* per head per week. This makes a total cost for food, handling, preparation and cooking, of 5*s.* 0.1*d.* per head per week, and when it is remembered that the cost of special diets for sick patients is included in this figure, it is correct to state that the total weekly cost works out at less than 5*s.*

What, then, emerges from the particulars here given, apart from the melancholy fact that about one-half of our population would be better nourished if they were to become mentally afflicted? Surely it is this: that while 4*s.* a week expended individually on food stuffs is not nearly adequate, that same sum per head expended by means of bulk purchasing by an organ of the community, eliminating all intermediate profits, can furnish a varied and fully adequate dietary of good quality. Many people have been struck by the cheapness of holiday cruises, when it is borne in mind that the fare includes all meals; this also is due to the economy of bulk purchasing and, to put it bluntly, collective feeding. Would it not be possible to extend this principle to some of the underfed sections of the community?

A. EMIL DAVIES

FAIR IS FOUL AND FOUL IS FAIR

The German Government explained that "alsbald" translated as "forthwith" could best be rendered by "in due course."... It is a South German word. This throws an interesting light on the possible identity of the author of the message.—Extracts from *Daily Telegraph.*

WHEN symbol in the Rhineland
With stubborn fact collides,
Behind a blushing adverb
The Reich retires and hides.
Expedient translation
All Highest Wisdom guides.

The stricken German language,
Beneath the Führer's frown,
Endorses violation
Of any abstract noun,
And, sacrificed to honour,
The parts of speech go down.

If Northern *alsbald* "forthwith"
Exacerbates the case,
Then Southern "at your leisure"
Let diplomats embrace,
And heil the Austrian Hitler
Who saves the Nazi face!

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

GERMANY'S OFFER

[The writer of this letter is a member of the British Labour Party and has an intimate knowledge of internal Germany. He is unable to sign it, because he has friends in Germany.]

SIR,—People in the Labour Party and elsewhere often ask, in tones of considerable contempt, "How is it that Hitler got into power in Germany? Why are the German people taken in by his theatricals? Why did the Social Democrats, etc., not oppose him more energetically before he came into power? The German people must be devoid of political sense." To which there is only one answer—"Why are you, in particular in the Labour Party, such fools as to be taken in by Hitler? You are very much more foolish than the German people, since you have had the opportunity of seeing Hitler in power and still, in spite of proof after proof to the contrary, you persist in ascribing to him pacific intentions and imagining that any promises which he may make are not made simply to be broken.

Hitler applies in foreign affairs precisely the same methods of propaganda which he used so successfully to bring him to power in Germany itself. The secret of his success before he became Chancellor lay in his habit of making the most lavish promises to all and sundry, not a single one of which has he ever kept, except that relating to rearmament. When confronted with growing opposition in his own party, he saw no other method of redress but that of murdering his former associates. His latest action is only another means of getting round internal difficulties. (He could not wait to reoccupy the Rhineland as the result of negotiations which were already in process, because that would have robbed him of his pose as national hero fighting against an inimical world.)

Hitler in the League would use his power first of all to bring pressure on his small neighbours. Having got them in his sphere of influence he will be ready for further adventures. Small States are an excellent means of exercising pressure on large ones.

A colony or two in Africa will not solve German economic problems, but will be an excellent means of bringing pressure to bear, mainly on Britain and France. In any Hitler speech it is always the omissions that are important. He omitted, this time, any reference to Austria, Switzerland and Denmark; he uttered direct threats to Russia and Czechoslovakia. That is to say, he wants, despite assurances to the contrary, a free hand in the East. At the beginning of his speech he said quite frankly that Germany needed more territory. In the meantime the French are to pull down their frontier fortifications so that one day, when there is sufficient " provocation," the German armies can enter undeterred into Alsace-Lorraine. He wishes to abolish Dutch neutrality by drawing Holland into a so-called guarantee scheme. Hitler in the League can always stage some Reichstag fire that will place him in the position of the " attacked " and enable him to call on the support of other League States. Hitler must be kept out of, and not invited into, the League of Nations.

I know the arguments that will be brought forward against this view, that Germany has genuine grievances left over as a legacy from the last war, and that you cannot judge Hitler's foreign policy by his actions inside Germany.

To this I would answer that German grievances became null and void from the day when Hitler became Chancellor. The intentions of the Nazis in foreign affairs have been repeatedly and openly avowed. It is a piece of lunacy to imagine that you can make good to the Nazis the sins done against the Weimar Republic. If you try to do so, you are only sinning further against all decent Germans. The Nazis are not the Republicans of Weimar, as they themselves are always at pains to assert. Why is it that nobody believes them? They ought to know.

Let us look at Hitler's record since he became Chancellor. He left the League at the precise moment when it appeared that agreement might be reached on the subject of the Reichswehr and German rearmament. Why? In order to obtain a completely free hand, which he has used to good advantage since. Next came the murder of Dr. Dollfuss, Chancellor of Austria, which had nothing to do with the Treaty of Versailles, but a lot to do with Herr Hitler and his intentions in the Danube Basin. On June 4th, 1934, Hitler's representative signed an agreement pledging the German Government not to interfere in any way in the Saar Plebiscite. That agreement was just so much paper before the ink was dry. The Nazi campaign of terror and propaganda went on, with the connivance of the League of Nations if not of its representative on the spot, unceasingly. Last year this country entered into a naval agreement with Germany. That, too, was a dead letter from the day on which it was signed, as a large part of the ships supposed to be constructed under the agreement had already been built. In the spring of last year, General Göring was busy telling the world that Germany had no air-fleet. A few months later, the official world discovered, what the unofficial world had known for a long time, that Germany had an air-fleet and one of no mean dimensions. Göring then said to a number of foreign journalists in Berlin, " If you didn't know that you must have been blind." Indeed, the Nazis despise the people whom they are able to gull in the same measure as they use their good will for their own ends.

Finally, the Locarno Treaty. It is quite beside the point to argue whether this treaty was a wise one. *Hitler himself told Mr. Eden that he would respect it.* He now advances the Franco-Soviet Pact as ground for denouncing it. M. Flandin had offered to submit the matter to The Hague Court. That, of course, did not suit Hitler. As a matter of fact, preparations for the reoccupation of the Rhineland have been going on for a year past. There were already a certain number of soldiers there. Hitler demands something else as his price, the destruction of the French fortifications. The Franco-Soviet Pact is a pretext and nothing more. For years, before Hitler came to power, Germany herself had two treaties with Soviet Russia, the Treaties of Rapallo and Berlin which secured the eastern frontiers of Germany and included clauses of mutual assistance. These treaties existed at the time when the Locarno Treaty was signed and were not considered as being inconsistent with the Locarno Treaty. They were supported then by the German Reichswehr, by General Blomberg himself.

Now it is proposed that we should enter into fresh negotiations and sign new pacts with Hitler. It is foolish to believe that Hitler, if once in the League, can be " tied down " by the other powers. That is what the German Nationalist Party and the Centre Party believed when they entered into an alliance with him. It just cannot be done. Pacts bind the opponents or " partners " of Hitler and in this way they are very useful to him; they in no way bind Hitler. Moreover, it is impossible in the case of Germany at the present time to ascertain either if the data advanced as basis for an agreement are correct or the terms of the agreement are being observed.

People here always accept Hitler's word that he speaks for the whole German nation. That is nonsense, despite all the fake elections and plebiscites which he stages. There is opposition in Germany to Hitler and plenty of it; this must be strengthened, and not weakened by constant submission to his demands. We have it on the authority of the *Times* correspondent in Berlin that this latest coup was undertaken even against the advice of such people as Dr. Schacht and General Fritsch.

What is to be done? Not military sanctions, but the complete cessation of all negotiations with Germany are the effective means. Hitler must be told point blank that he is not believed. The German people must be made to understand that, while nobody wishes them ill, the world cannot go on *ad libitum* footing the bill for Hitlerism and that there can be no truck with Hitler. Hitler will not " burst out." The Reichswehr cannot fight yet, and Hitler's prestige and authority may be so shaken that he will not be able to indulge in his antics so easily in future. Unless the rot is stopped at once, the problem will become merely intensified. I see no other end to the encouragement of Hitler than war. Indiscriminate pacifism is quite as potent a factor in war-making as imperial and other ambitions. X.

SIR,—Mr. Willey's letter is extremely interesting, and I think that anyone looking at an English university from the inside would corroborate his conclusions. Those among my own contemporaries—recent graduates and present undergraduates—who take any interest in public affairs suffer from just the difficulties he mentions. It is so impossible for us to imagine what will happen to our lives within the next two or three years (if not more immediately) that we fall a prey to a mental hand-to-mouth existence which is profoundly disturbing. It is reasonable to assume that this condition is typical, too, of the intelligent and sensitive outside the universities as well as inside.

Not the least cause of disturbance is what one is tempted to call the fundamental levity of statesmen. If they were going to their deaths as surely as they are likely to send millions of us to our deaths it is a safe assumption that there would be no war at all, however " inevitable " it seems. Over this recent offer of Hitler's it does seem as though they have seen the glimmerings of sense, though hopes have been raised and dashed so often that it is too early to be confident. The offer itself raises dissatisfaction and suspicion; but it is clearly the duty of Europe's statesmen to save as much as possible from the wreckage of March 7th, and if, as Mr. Willey says, we can save " time to build a new Europe " it is the bounden duty of everyone to do so. Hitler's methods are illegal; true, and unfortunate, but sheer legalistic interpretation is frequently inadequate. They are immoral; true, treaties should be maintained. But no Allied Power can boast of much superiority in this respect; what is important is to see whether Hitler will keep a treaty negotiated with an equal and free Germany. If not, it will then be time to treat him as incorrigible. But as for his offer; even if he makes no promise about the East, that should not rule out acceptance of a guarantee of twenty-five years peace in the West. Let us agree to that, and then strain every nerve to assure the eastern position. I think you dismiss too readily Hitler's offer to re-enter the League of Nations. In the first place, that much-tried body would gain greatly in prestige if it were certain that Germany thought it worth while to be back. Secondly, if Germany and the U.S.S.R. both find themselves members together there will be a much better chance of understanding between them. As Hitler proclaims in every speech that he wants peace with France, why not accept that and bend every effort to attain through the machinery of the League an understanding which will lead to stability in Eastern Europe? ARTHUR HUMPHREYS

St. Catharine's College,
Cambridge.

SIR,—Your article last week is welcome, for it gives a constructive lead at a time when there is an attitude of mind rapidly forming in this country which may prove a dangerous influence.

Middle opinion is, in fact, rapidly hardening against war and is, accordingly, ready to sympathise with Socialist opposition to the Government rearmament programme. But one soon discovers

that this class of opinion is pseudo-pacifist, since it is much more anxious to keep Great Britain out of war than to preserve world-peace. It is moving away from France and collective security and is ready to snatch at Nazi offers for a West European truce. In its crudest form it is heard declaring: "We are not going to fight to save Russia from invasion."

In these quarters the Labour policy of support for France is likely, therefore, to be increasingly unpopular. It must be remembered that already the Labour Party is suspected of inconsistency in opposing the rearmament programme while advocating a collective-security policy which involves armaments. I suggest that there is need to emphasise more clearly than hitherto (1) that this country would suffer, even as a neutral, from a world-war; (2) that world-peace must be our objective, and that this will only be preserved by a League front (which means Anglo-Franco-Soviet co-operation) so powerful that it will deter any aggressors from disturbing the peace; (3) that the eventual price of this may be military sanctions, but that world-peace is worth even this price; (4) that criticism of the present rearmament programme is of degree rather than of kind; and (5) that this policy is compatible with an immediate effort to remove legitimate German grievances.

If it were possible to arrive at an estimate as to the amount of support which as a League unit we are required to contribute, and from that standard to oppose any additional armament demanded for national defence, the Socialist position would be stronger. KENNETH INGRAM

SIR,—Whilst agreeing with your view that the overtures from Hitler must be treated with reserve and followed up with caution, I think that you have not made sufficient allowance for the reactions of German foreign policy to recent events in Europe.

The steady process of encirclement culminating in the Franco-Soviet Pact has clearly caused the deepest concern in the Wilhelmstrasse, and a realisation that if the old tactics are pursued the ultimate result will inevitably be a conflict with little chance of survival for Germany. With finances at breaking point there is a limit to German rearmament, and the limit is far below the pooled resources of the alliance against her.

Facts are facts, and even a dictator cannot escape them. Is it not reasonable to suppose that Hitler recognises the certainty of war in Europe if present tendencies go unchecked? And does Hitler want a war in which his chance of victory is almost negligible? Since he can form no important military alliances in Europe the only alternative is participation in a system of collective security through the League of Nations. Hitler may have ulterior motives, but it is my view that his main and strongest motive is the preservation of Germany. This, I think, is a realistic view, and in the event of Germany returning to Geneva it will be the task of the other States-members to revise the League Covenant in such a way that the achievement of any ulterior motive in conflict with the interests of European peace would be rendered virtually impossible. I believe that Germany could be kept quiet for many years to come if the question of the return of her colonies was linked with general disarmament. God knows it is the only hope for a nearly hopeless Europe!

15 Woodlands, Raynes Park, S.W.20. HAROLD F. S. HEWITT

A JOINT MANIFESTO

SIR,—The position taken up by the French and British Committees of Intellectual Workers in concert with other individuals engaged in the struggle for the defence of culture, liberty and peace is clearly defined and is based upon this guiding principle: There can be no European peace that is not comprehensive.

We are at one in condemning the mistakes of the Treaty of Versailles. In the past we have denounced the foreign policy of our governments on all occasions when this policy was not exclusively directed towards the maintenance of peace. We are of opinion that, in the present circumstances, it is the duty of our governments to put aside all questions of prestige, refrain from any show of force and avoid any action which might be interpreted as a threat. We consider, however, that the unilateral denunciation of the Locarno Treaty—whatever the arguments invoked to justify it—is an act that is politically, juridically and morally indefensible. The respect for freely signed contracts must remain the basis of International Law. If, at any given moment, circumstances make it seem desirable that a treaty shall be revised, the only acceptable procedures are those of mutual agreement or recourse to the League of Nations.

We reaffirm our conviction that the nationalism of any country when raised to the rank of a religion is a permanent danger for peace and civilisation.

Herr Hitler's specious proposals must not be allowed to divide the public opinion of England and France in their common will to peace. We would welcome the return of Germany to the League of Nations, but regard Herr Hitler's proposals as unacceptable in so far as they tend to divide Europe into two camps. We cannot accept the claim of the Third Reich to constitute the champion of western civilisation, while rejecting all contact and even all idea of peace with the Soviet Union, a member of the European community of nations, as well as of the League.

In conclusion, we urge the necessity for all peace-loving nations to remain calm in face of all war-like provocations and to unite in presenting to Germany the only proposals which, in our opinion, can secure peace. These proposals are complementary and cannot, in our view, be separated.

(1) General disarmament, simultaneous, progressive and controlled.

(2) Reconsideration of the economic difficulties of all nations, including Germany.

(3) Establishment of a universal treaty of peace to reinforce and complete the existing machinery of the League. This pact should recognise the absolute equality of rights and duties, since it is imperative, for the peace and good order of the world, that there should be no differentiation between victors and vanquished and no discrimination against any nation whatsoever.

PAUL LANGEVIN, President, Comité de Vigilance des intellectuels antifascistes.
ALDOUS HUXLEY, President For Intellectual Liberty.
ALAIN
IRENE JOLIOT CURIE
FREDERIC JOLIOT
LUCIEN LEVY-BRUHL
JEAN PERRIN
PAUL RIVET
E. M. FORSTER
G. H. HARDY
F. GOWLAND HOPKINS
WILLIAM A. JOWITT
HENRY W. NEVINSON

PROTECTION OF SCIENCE AND LEARNING

SIR,—The Academic Assistance Council was formed in May, 1933, to assist scholars and scientists who, on grounds of religion, race or opinion, were unable to continue their work in their own country. Its services have been needed chiefly to help the 1,300 University teachers displaced in Germany, but it has also assisted refugee scholars from Russia, Portugal and other countries.

In co-operation with other organisations, the Council has assisted in permanently re-establishing 363 of the 700 displaced scholars who left Germany. A further 324 are still being temporarily maintained in Universities and learned institutions while seeking more permament positions. The Council has directly received over £46,000 in donations which, with the exception of the small amount used for paying fares of displaced scholars to positions overseas, administrative expenses and other incidental purposes, have been employed in subsidising research by our refugee guests. The Council, as the international centre for this work, has built up a place-finding organisation and information service which are proving of increasing usefulness.

The Council hoped that its work might be required for only a temporary period, but is now convinced that there is need for a permanent body to assist scholars who are victims of political and religious persecutions. The devastation of the German Universities still continues; not only University teachers of Jewish descent, but many others who are regarded as "politically unreliable" are being prevented from making their contribution to the common cause of scholarship.

The Council has decided to establish as its permanent successor a Society for the Protection of Science and Learning, which will continue the Council's various forms of assistance to scholars of any country who, on grounds of religion, race or opinion, are unable to carry on the scientific work for which they are qualified. One function of the Society will be to build up an Academic Assistance Fund to award research fellowships, tenable in the Universities of Great Britain and other countries by the most distinguished of the refugee scholars.

This Fund will be administered under the auspices of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the President of the Royal Society, the President of the British Academy, Lord Horder, the Hon. R. H. Brand and myself.

I appeal confidently and urgently to all those who wish to assist

in the defence of free learning and science to join the Society by paying a minimum annual subscription of One Guinea. I hope that many will make a larger donation either to the Society or to the Fund, or will undertake to covenant with the Society for a seven-year contribution, thus allowing us to recover income tax on the donations. Gifts to the fund may be earmarked if desired for the establishment of particular fellowships or studentships bearing the name of the donor.

This appeal is made with the full co-operation of the organisers of the National Christian appeal which is about to be made for the destitute non-Jewish refugees from Germany, since the Society will be giving assistance to only one section, namely, the scholars, among the German refugees, irrespective of their religious affiliations. It is, therefore, with confidence that I ask support from both the Christian and the Jewish world, and in particular from the University world, to place this most important part of the refugee work on a firm financial basis.

Contributions and subscriptions should be sent to me at the offices of the Academic Assistance Council, 12 Clement's Inn Passage, Clare Market, W.C.2, made payable to the "Academic Assistance Council."

RUTHERFORD OF NELSON,
President of the Academic Assistance Council.

12 Clement's Inn Passage,
Clare Market, W.C.2.

"GALTEE CHEESE"

SIR,—In a review of Mr. Osbert Burdett's *Little Book of Cheese* on December 7th I said: "Irish factory-made 'Galtee' cheese is abominable." The Mitchelstown Co-operative Agricultural Society point out that "Galtee Cheese" is a registered trade mark of their Society and regard my remark as calculated to do them injury. They add that their product has a wide sale in the Irish Free State and in Great Britain and the U.S.A., and that there are therefore obviously a large number of people who do not share my view. I had no intention of injuring the sales of "Galtee Cheese," and did not intend to suggest it was unwholesome, but merely that I dislike eating it.

DAVID GARNETT

[We regret any injury we may have done to the Mitchelstown Co-operative Agricultural Society.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

DISTURBANCES AT PUBLIC MEETINGS

SIR,—It has come to the notice of the National Council for Civil Liberties that another large meeting of the British Union of Fascists is shortly to take place in London. Bearing in mind the evidence which was recently given in the case of Mosley *v.* Marchbanks concerning the Fascist meeting held at Olympia, the Council has arranged, in the public interest, for a large and influential Vigilance Committee—including many well-known men and women—to be present inside and outside the hall.

In order to obtain as complete a report as possible of the proceedings, we would be glad if any of your readers who happen to be at this meeting would report to us incidents which they think should be brought to our attention.

RONALD KIDD, S.C.S.
Secretary

The National Council for Civil Liberties,
99a, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

SOCIAL CREDIT

SIR,—May I bring Social Credit still more up to date? My recent article gave the facts as your correspondents have testified. A very prominent figure in the Social Credit movement (who is a loyal defender of Major Douglas' technical theories) wrote to me: "Your article in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is generally appreciated by my friends as a concise and temperate presentation of the situation in the movement."

The Secretariat, who had originally dismissed the article as a museum piece, were perturbed by the welcome given to the article by Social Crediters themselves. An attempt must be made to discredit its author's motives since the stated facts could not be denied.

Firstly he was ridiculed for speaking of the *Social Credit* Electoral Campaign. But that is exactly what it is, although the Secretariat futilely deny it. Secondly, these afterthoughts produced the charge that the picture of the Campaign was "garbled and misleading." No evidence was produced to prove this and I will state flatly that it was untrue. Fortunately, however, the Secretariat's view is that "the opinions of nobody upon it are of the least value."

Finally, it is complained that in quoting Mr. Bardsley I omitted six words at the beginning of a paragraph and the printer added a comma. (Their reprint has altered a semicolon to a comma.) The excised words in no way modified the views I quoted, but merely added that it was a method of argument that Mr. Bardsley was concerned to expose. However, I plead guilty. Instead of quoting two superciliously arrogant statements, I quoted only one.

The importance of this lies in the fact that it is wholly typical of Secretariat methods. Most books and pamphlets rejecting Major Douglas' economics are reviewed in Social Credit; no technical reply is now attempted; instead the author is invariably stated to be obviously either ignorant of Social Credit or guilty of deliberate, malicious misrepresentation.

In dropping all defence of untenable economic doctrines the Secretariat is wise, but its methods are killing Social Credit as such. Yet, at its best, the movement is a righteous cry of indignation that such things as poverty and war can be. That decent heartfelt protest is turned by the Secretariat into a querulous chatter of foolish know-all assertion, without intellectual appeal or spiritual value. Moreover, numbers of honest eager souls are being required to spend time and money fruitlessly, diverted from every course that might lead them to achieve their high purpose. Someone should save Major Douglas from his friends.

J. A. FRANKLIN

Bournemouth.

SIR,—Your correspondent of last week, Mr. B. W. Silver, should be informed that I did not write that no expert has ever tried to refute Major Douglas's A plus B theorem. After us comes the deluge of anti-Douglas, anti-A plus B literature, e.g., Gaitskell's chapter in Cole's *What Everybody Wants to Know About Money*, *Social Credits or Socialism* by W. Hiskett, *Douglas Fallacies* by J. Lewis, a pamphlet by Jas Younie, Tutor at Cardiff Proletarian College, a pamphlet by Professor Copland of Australia, *Social Credit, an Economic Analysis* by John Strachey, *Social Credit Discredited* by Maurice Dobb, Master of Arts in the University of Cambridge, *Socialism and Social Credit* by the Labour Party (sic—with moral indigestion), etc., etc.—all excellent Douglas propaganda for the intellectually honest (or perhaps I should say for those who would like to be convinced).

Most surprising is Comrade John's pamphlet, of which it has rightly been said that Lenin's brains pickled as they are could do better. To those who do not want to believe in Social Credit, I recommend as a pick of the bunch Gaitskell's effort, though they should not afterwards study its refutation in back numbers of the *New Age*, which can be seen at 70 High Holborn.

Surely, Mr. Editor, eating something that is on the table does not constitute cutting one's throat, which is anyway a better death than asphyxiation by poison gas. By this I mean that finance-capitalism and war are like kippers-and-tea, though less tasty and more harmful.

GREENSHIRT

THE OXFORD GROUP

SIR,—I am immensely flattered that the Provost of Queen's College has read my poor parody of Wordsworth. But his letter has filled my week-end with perplexity. His argument seems to be:

Oxford disliked Newman
Twenty years later Oxford admired Newman
Oxford dislikes Buchman
History tends to repeat itself
Things move faster now
Soon Oxford will admire Buchman.

I have thought about it for a long time: and I cannot dispel my suspicion that there is a flaw somewhere in that chain of reasoning. I am open to instruction; perhaps the Groups reason in that way. Only I am sure that Cardinal Newman did not.

"R. D. C."

NEW THEATRE LEAGUE

SIR,—The New Theatre League was formed to co-ordinate the work of the amateur theatre organisations concerned with plays of social significance. A part of the work it has undertaken is the publication of plays dealing with social problems. Such plays are hard to come by, and the demand for them is great. May we appeal through your columns to playwrights, who should send MSS. to N.T.L., 35 Gt. James Street, W.C.1.

LOUISE CUTTELL,
Secretary.

New Theatre League,
35 Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

Miscellany

HOMAGE TO BERLIOZ

"BERLIOZ," a famous Austrian musician once said in my presence, "is the last of the great masters." By which he meant that he considered Berlioz to be in the direct line of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert as a genuine classic, an authentic great master—a rank which he did not accord to any other nineteenth-century composer, not even to Schumann, Brahms or Wagner.

This judgment, which is becoming more and more the settled opinion of the most forward-looking and open-minded musicians in Europe and England, was foreshadowed by Busoni, but it will take another twenty-five to fifty years before it is clearly established and generally accepted. The reasons for this are not at all difficult to discover and indeed may be clearly seen in most of the critiques written in our daily press on the two recent concerts at the Queen's Hall devoted to practically unknown works by Berlioz. Berlioz is an exceedingly difficult composer and his works need to be frequently performed before the average musician—to say nothing of the average amateur—can get the hang of them. In the first place not only is Berlioz—admittedly even by hostile critics—one of, if not *the* most original of musical geniuses but, most disconcertingly, he is also capable of the simplest and most direct utterance while he mingles his simplicity and his complexity in the most unexpected and startling fashion. Also, as M. Romain Rolland pointed out long ago, his melodies are often of such breath-taking dimensions, stretching over nine or eleven, thirteen or fifteen bars, that they are not grasped by the average academic ear. But not only are his themes long, also they seem mostly very unsymmetrical beside the more square-cut themes of the great masters, among whom Berlioz must be placed and with whom only can he be justly compared. At first this apparent lack of symmetry disturbs the hearer and appears as a fault; but with closer acquaintance it is found to be a rare and extraordinary beauty, and we discover that Berlioz is one of the supreme and most sensitive masters of rhythm in musical history.

But there is still another quality which disconcerts the average musician and it can only be fitly described by saying that Berlioz is an *inspired* composer as well as being one of the most consummate of craftsmen and most cunning and experienced of artists. This, again, is a rare and peculiar combination. Still another difficulty arises from his blend of the comic and the sublime. There are comic passages in Shakespeare—such as the Porter's scene in *Macbeth*—which even Coleridge hated, but Coleridge's hatred of them showed his own limitations, not Shakespeare's. We need not be surprised, therefore, that the *Times* critic the other day could not stomach the *Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale* which Sir Hamilton Harty introduced to London at the B.B.C. concert on March 4th, though he acknowledged, somewhat grudgingly, that the *Messe des Morts*, which preceded it, was a work of genius. Largely owing to the splendid undaunted efforts of Sir Hamilton Harty, Berlioz's *Messe des Morts*, or *Requiem*, no longer needs championing in this country. Sufficient discriminating musicians and music lovers have now heard it to ensure its revival which, as the *Times* somewhat surprisingly stated, should take place every year for the benefit of musicians. I shall, therefore, have nothing to say of this work now beyond noting that it was superbly performed under Sir Hamilton Harty by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Military Band and Choral Society. As one can so rarely praise English singers, it is also a pleasure to be able to record that Mr. Parry Jones's singing of the Sanctus—a piece of extraordinary beauty and marvellously instrumented—was of outstanding excellence.

The *Grande Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale*, which has probably never before been heard in London, is still in need of champions, seeing that in spite of the lip-service paid to Wagner by our frenzied English Wagnerites, who comprise about 90 per cent. of living English musicians, not one of them takes due notice of their idol's opinion of this work. Wagner, in his *Mein Leben*, after recording the terrific impression made on him by Berlioz's music, so much so that he says he felt like a little child beside him, goes on to say:

> It was the latest work of this wonderful master, the *Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale* . . . which had at last convinced me of the greatness and enterprise of this incomparable artist.

In order to understand this work properly one has to accommodate oneself to the very strange idea that Berlioz, like Beethoven, believed in the possibility of heroes and of heroism. This Grand Funeral and Triumphal Symphony was composed by Berlioz for public performance out of doors in the Place de la Bastille in celebration of a revolution. But in Berlioz's mind (as in Beethoven's when he composed the "Eroica" Symphony) there was perhaps also the idea of the passing away of a great patriot, a soldier, a Coriolanus, who had saved his country. Therefore the symphony is composed in three sections (1) Funeral March, (2) Funeral Oration, (3) Apotheosis. It is written for four piccolos, five flutes, five oboes, thirty-three clarinets (of different kinds), eight bassoons and a double-bassoon, twelve horns, twelve trumpets and cornets, eleven trombones, six tubas, eight side drums, three pairs of cymbals, bass drum, tom-tom and timpani with strings, and chorus *ad libitum*.

On paper the music does not perhaps look very impressive, and no doubt that is why conductors, though they may sometimes look at the score, never perform it. When it is performed, however, the effect is perfect and just what Berlioz calculated. The Funeral March is dignified, solemn and most impressive, with many significant little touches which only Berlioz was capable of. The Funeral Oration is a wonderful piece of grave and eloquent rhetoric. Rhetoric, as Mr. Eliot has pointed out in his writings on Dryden, is not understood nowadays, and there are few striking examples of it in the history of music; but here Berlioz has dared to write a unique piece and to make use of a trombone solo *quasi recitative* which is eloquence in its purest and most noble form. The final Apotheosis is wonderfully exhilarating, but I venture to think that the rôle of the chorus was not understood. The choir was too few in numbers and almost inaudible. I am sure that what Berlioz wanted here was the shouting of the multitude amidst which the words of a core of voices could be heard singing: "Glory and triumph to the brave who for freedom fought, death e'en defying."

I have not much space left to write of the first production in London for about fifty years of Berlioz's *L' Enfance du Christ* at the Courtauld-Sargent concert at the Queen's Hall on March 9th and 10th. It was admirably done with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, six soloists and a picked choir, under Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who deserves great praise for the care and attention he had evidently given to this extraordinary work. I was so deeply impressed by it that I went to the second performance, and would have gone to half a dozen more, had they been given—a unique experience for a hardened and blasé musical critic to have! I consider *L' Enfance du Christ* to be one of the purest and noblest works ever written and to contain pieces of pure music which have never been surpassed. But even this work, designedly simple and profound, has extraordinary things in it which would never have occurred to any but Berlioz. I refer chiefly to the Soothsayers' music in an alternating four-beat and three-beat rhythm, and to the imaginative Nocturnal March. The first section, which contains these pieces, ends, however, with a duet of Mary and Joseph and a chorus of unseen angels about which one can only use the word "inspired." This is inspired music such as only the greatest can achieve.

Part 2, "The Flight into Egypt" begins with an instrumental piece about which critics write discussing the tonality but of which Berlioz wrote simply that it was "a little fugal overture for a little orchestra in a little innocent style in F sharp minor without a leading note."

Such is the way in which genius throws dust in our eyes! "Little" is hardly the word to apply to this marvellous piece, which certainly is brief as a summer's day, but which haunts the mind with its indefinable beauty. Had this piece come down to us signed by J. S. Bach all connoisseurs would be raving about it as the greatest thing that Bach had ever composed. This is followed by a chorus of shepherds. Perhaps Schubert could have written in this direct and simple style so profoundly touching, but who else? After this comes what is a miracle of interwoven melody, a tenor solo, "The Repose of the Holy Family," in which the orchestra depicts the palm-trees and the flowing stream, not descriptively as Strauss does but imaginatively and emotively as Beethoven does in the Pastoral Symphony. The section closes with a beautiful semi-chorus, *Halleluia! Halleluia!*

Of the third section, "The Arrival at Sais," I have space only to say that it contains an exquisitely beautiful trio for two flutes and harp, which certainly must have been one of the passages which made Busoni open his mouth in wonder, and a final mystical chorus, "O my Soul Bow Down," which is absolutely sublime. Thus ends one of the most beautiful and inspired works in the history of music. W. J. TURNER

"THE MASTER BUILDER"

ALL Ibsen's dramas (hence their intensity) had a relation to the drama of his own inner life; and the connection of *The Master Builder* with Ibsen himself is particularly close. It was the first of the three great mysterious plays of which the core was the spiritual predicament of the imaginative creator. Undoubtedly there was much of himself in Solness and his problem, "He is a man who is somewhat related to me," he admitted in a public speech some years later. He had been particularly interested while he was still living in Munich in hypnotism and the ways in which one human being can dominate another. And, as everyone who knows anything about Ibsen is aware, some years before he had met (1889), at Gossensass, a brilliant young Viennese girl who profoundly disturbed and delighted him. He had disengaged himself with characteristic caution. But that contact with Emilie Bardach, so slight that it would have hardly counted in the life of a less sensitive and less lonely man, had left deep impressions. Nine years later, when she wrote in 1898 to congratulate him on his seventieth birthday, did he, at last, put into words what it had meant to him. "The summer in Gossensass was the happiest, fairest of all my life. I hardly dare to think of it. And yet I must always, always." It had meant a renewal of his youth, a dangerous thing; but also of his genius, a blessed one. It had brought him deeper knowledge of himself and therefore of his subject—the soul of man. The first fruits of this experience was projection of his fear of those dangers — *Hedda Gabler*; a study of a beautiful baleful woman and the tragedy of violent, aimless irresponsibility. Its second fruits are to be found in *The Master Builder*, a far profounder play. That summer at Gossensass had awoken to throbbing intensity again a problem of the spiritual life which had always haunted him; the inevitable conflict between devotion to some high cause (religion, art or reform) and the claims of life itself; and for the rest of his days he was to make this his theme (*John Gabriel Borkman* and *When We Dead Awaken*). Into *The Master Builder* he poured his queer broodings over himself and his career: upon his timidity (had it not been terribly true of himself, the enemy of conventions, that he had "never been able to climb as high as he could build"); the price in happiness he had not only had to pay himself, but had had to exact from those nearest to him in order to do his work; and lastly, the misgivings of the ageing genius who had had an embittering battle to assert himself, that his day was waning. Were not Strindberg and Knut Hamsun, powerful fists, hammering at his door! What *good* had he achieved by his plays exposing social evils? Was the world more sensible, were average lives less mean? No: designing cosy, sanitary homes for man and wife and children was no use. And then what strange sinister "luck" he had had. His escape from his native land had been his salvation. Hadn't it been the blessing of his life that Norway had given him an excuse for shaking himself free in disgust by refusing to go to the rescue of Denmark? True, he had urged her in a violent, bitter poem towards the heroic path; but hadn't he (like Solness) wished in his heart that his home might go up in flames? His country's shame had been the liberation of his talent. And again, suppose he had climbed with his Princess of Orangia as high as he had built, what would have happened next? Perhaps for a moment they would have "heard harps in air," and then—a headlong fall into ridicule and a nasty mess at the bottom. Such were the searching meditations which the ageing artist projected into the story of a successful architect and a strange girl whom he had once kissed when she was a child.

The performance of *The Master Builder* by Mr. Leon M. Lion's company at the Criterion gave me more satisfaction than any I had seen before. Perfect it was not, but it was extremely good. I never saw Miss Elizabeth Robins as Hilda, but Lydia Lopokova's interpretation of this difficult part had an eerie, childish intensity which was most remarkable. Hilda is not a vamp; play her as one and the significance of the drama shrinks at once. She did not blow into the famous architect's office that summer morning in order to become his mistress; she came on an errand so vague that it could only be suggested metaphorically: she came to "claim the kingdom" he had promised her when he kissed her as a child. Did *she* know what she meant? Hardly. But Solness knew—or thought he did; and during that strange dialogue of cross-purposes and deep divinations between them it dawned on him at last that she must be his very soul come back again which he had lost: her kingdom, his cure. It proves to be his death.

The dramatic surprise of Hilda's entrance, after Solness has been confessing to his dread of hearing the knock of the young generation on the door, was dramatic in its startling flatness: nothing could be more harmless than this little apparition (scentless and cold as a sprig of mountain edelweiss) in her clumping boots and with a knapsack on her back. "Hullo, here I am!" But in the second act there was a passage (well designed by the producer) when stooping over Solness's shoulder while she talked, Lydia Lopokova seemed to take on the aspect of a mediaeval "familiar," echoing the voice within the man. There is a mediaeval strain in this strange play—Solness with his talk of "helpers and servers," "devils black and white" finds in daemonology the readiest explanation of powers in himself which puzzle him. So, too, there are moments when his life appears to him as a rebellion against God. I felt a power in the actress during that scene which was all the more impressive as contrasting with the childlike naturalness of her at other moments. And let me add that she is the only Hilda I have seen who has succeeded in holding emotion at the pitch of triumph while she watched her "master-builder" climb and when she saw him fall. She lacked impulsive and attractive force, but in the rarer, the tragic and the delicate aspects of the part, she triumphed.

Miss Robins, I believe, made *The Master Builder* "seem almost a one-part play" (G. B. S.), but then she had not such a master-builder as Mr. Clarke-Smith to act with. It is, of course, of the utmost importance that you should feel him to be a man of domineering energy, talent and jealousy. Here you saw such a man; Mr. Clarke-Smith was a delight to watch. My only criticism of his performance is that it was only too easy to imagine his captivating Kaia, and indelibly stamping his memory on Hilda, without having recourse to the supposition that there was something demoniacal about him—something uncanny. M. Lugné-Poë, whose performance so impressed Ibsen that he stood up involuntarily in his box, and afterwards declared, "This has been the resurrection of my play," interpreted the part, with every emphasis that face, paint and gesture could lend, as that of a ruined man of genius.

(If you can imagine the face of Sheridan during the last years of his life, with those glowing eyes in a red face like a trodden battlefield, you will get the effect I mean.) Mr. Clarke-Smith was too healthy and strong. He was not *morbid* enough. But his energy (and also his elocution) was superb. The sweep of the play, its power of holding attention were largely due to his fine performance. I do not think the part of Mrs. Solness was happily cast. She should be a beautiful queen of sorrows—a dead woman, of course, but a beautiful corpse. Otherwise the remorse of Solness and his gnawing regret at having sacrificed her happiness, seems over strained. Even her peevishness, her suppressed but transparent jealousy ought to be more pathetic than comic and contemptible. She must have great dignity. Miss Gabain's acting was excellent, but not in that respect. She was dismal and got laughs when none were needed. Nevertheless, this performance of a great play was the best I have seen, and when it is repeated no lover of drama should miss it.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Lysistrata," at the Gate Theatre

It was an excellent idea to produce the *Lysistrata*, for the passionate pacifism of Aristophanes is highly topical. Unluckily the production at the Gate Theatre falls between two stools. It lacks the singing and dancing which were so important in the old comedy. (This is almost like producing *La Belle Hélène* or *Orphée aux Enfers* without the music). On the other hand, the translators have been too respectful of the original; they have allowed themselves hardly any modern allusions, and have not even turned Lysistrata's great speeches into effective English oratory. (A few years ago in Paris the pacifist speeches in an adaptation of *The Birds* excited such applause that the play was held up for several minutes each night.) The happiest feature of the Gate production is the delightful scenery and costumes designed by Mr. Hedley Briggs. If his collaborators in the Gate Theatre Revue had been given the text of the *Lysistrata* and allowed to attempt a modern equivalent, the result might have been brilliant. As it is, the breadth of the jokes is the chief attraction of the play. It is even more packed with *double entendre* than *Romeo and Juliet*.

Toussaint l'Ouverture, at the Stage Society

Most of us know little of Toussaint l'Ouverture except Wordsworth's sonnet to him:

> Thou hast great allies;
> Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
> And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

So we were able to follow with some feelings of suspense Mr. C. L. R. James's chronicle play. The production as a whole was rough rather than ready, but we doubt if the play, respectable though it is, could ever be very impressive. The subject requires a power of imagination which Mr. James does not appear to possess. But he brings out effectively, though without exaggeration, the nobility of Toussaint's character and the treachery of the white men. As Toussaint Mr. Paul Robeson gave a most thoughtful performance: he is one of the most impressive actors alive. Mr. Hugh Charleson as Dessalines was remarkably good, and Mr. Geoffrey Wincott made a brilliant young Bonaparte. The play "ends happily," after Toussaint's death, with the proclamation of Haiti's independence. There is room for another play about the horrors which ensued under the tyranny of Christophe, who here is shown as quite an amiable man.

"The Town Talks . . . ," at the Vaudeville

There is something for all tastes in Mr. Charlot's new revue. The star is Miss June. who is as sweetly pretty as her name. She has a very English face and very English clothes, which she wears in a very English way. Then there is Miss Gertrude Musgrove—nothing Dorothy Perkins about *her*. She can make even a poor line seem as witty as her own face: she is, in fact, an enchanting comedienne, who in fifty years time may be as much admired as Miss Tempest is to-day. In her next show we hope to see her name in electric light. Miss Phyllis Stanley has *cendré* hair, the loveliest figure you could hope to see, and much more talent as an actress than she here gets a chance to display. Mr. Arthur Roscoe's performance seems more Music Hall than Revue (very English again): his "silent film" of a politician speaking is brilliant—like a Bateman caricature come to life. Mr. Donald Stewart, on the other hand, is in the modern American style, very elegant and neat, doing a variety of jobs beautifully. He, too, is a rising star. Mr. Vivian Ellis's words and music are up to the usual standard of Revue, and Mr. Arthur Macrae's sketches and lyrics are much above it. The potted plays are the best thing in the show, and there is a good sketch of a child film-star, in which Miss June is brilliant. The scenery is unusually good.

"Rhodes of Africa," at the New Gallery

Historical films have acquired and deserved a bad reputation. The responsibility must be laid at the door of those imaginative producers in whose hands the most serious episode in our history may be transformed into a bedroom farce in fancy dress. *Rhodes of Africa*, however, is a genuine historical film; changes of detail have been made in order to enhance the dramatic effect, but the main outline is fair and well-authenticated. A few subtitles at the beginning and a peroration at the end are introduced to remind us of the greatness of Rhodes; but if the film was designed as a flagwagging boost of Empire, it must have sadly disappointed its promoters. Probably seventy per cent. of those that see it will come away with their sympathies firmly on the side of Kruger. The case for the Boers and the Matabele natives is put with great force, largely owing to Miles Malleson's excellent dialogue. And Oscar Homolka as Kruger is certainly the most dominating character in the whole performance. Walter Huston as Rhodes is handicapped by his make-up; the audience finds it difficult to believe that he is anybody but Ramsay MacDonald. The film is by no means technically flawless, but it will be an important discovery if producers now realise that the truth, even about Empire-building, can provide good scripts.

"Strike Me Pink," at the London Pavilion

The first half of this comic film isn't merely unfunny: it's as slow and mournful as a protracted farewell. Very gradually we leave the familiar world of tedium and common sense behind; with infinite delays, with every pulley creaking, with shrill, long-

THE

Olive Field

RALPH BATES

Author of 'Lean Men,' 'Sierra'

'I suppose Ralph Bates is almost the only English novelist of any importance capable of writing about the life of working people in Spain, and 'The Olive Field' makes it clear that in power over language and force of imagination he surpasses most of his contemporaries.

'His chapters succeed one another like ringing blows on an anvil; each has the point and finish of a well-told short story, while continuing a long one. The book is largely a story of violence while Don Fadrique, Argote, Caro, Mudarra and the girl Lucia are characters endowed with warmth and solidity.'

WILLIAM PLOMER in the SPECTATOR

''The Olive Field' is a work in the grand style because the tract of territory that Ralph Bates has annexed is so intensely cultivated by him and yields so abundantly. He has driven his share deep into the soil and has explored the fundamentals of human nature and the springs of action.

'He has saturated himself in the atmosphere of present-day Spain; and his book is like a press, oozing the rich and lucent oil of his experience.

'The writing throughout is not merely adequate; it has not only the vividness of the thing truly seen and presented but it is vibrant with the emotion of the thing felt. A vital, vivid and engrossing book, rich and ripe; a real harvest of experience.'

WILFRED GIBSON in the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

'Here is a novel which is high above the ordinary, a huge, detailed powerful drama of Spain.'

CYRIL CONNOLLY in the DAILY TELEGRAPH

Last week we quoted from enthusiastic reviews by RICHARD CHURCH, PETER QUENNELL, RALPH WRIGHT, *only lack of space prevents us from quoting from many more reviews.*

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JONATHAN CAPE · BEDFORD SQUARE

drawn-out blasts of embarrassment, reluctantly Mr. Cantor's new vehicle gets under way. It is not until after we have been struck pink with ennui and shame at the artiness with which the camera records Miss Ethel Merman and the chorus trying, in song, to make the best of both worlds; not until the little comedian has almost solved the problem, "Are you a man or a mouse?"; not, in fact, until his Greek bodyguard, Parkyakarkus, has appeared on the screen, that this movie begins to move. It then becomes riotous, and quite funny, and finally riotously funny, as the saying goes. From half-way through, anything goes—and the film ends as if it had been almost up to *Kid From Spain* standards, or at any rate comparable to *Roman Scandals* and *Palmy Days*. But Cantor has been allowed only one song, one little dance; his talents are wasted, even his gift for facial quips is largely ignored. The best that can be said for this film is that the scenario bristles with "ideas," not all of which are mismanaged, and that Hollywood has at last realised that only a touch of fantasy can enliven revue numbers on the screen—as we saw in *Broadway Melody* 1936, and here when a dancer on glass danced away from her own reflection.

Kapp at the Wertheim Gallery

Regular readers of this journal do not require to be told the merits of Kapp. His drawings hover between straight portraiture and caricature, some inclining one way, some the other. But the portraitist never omits to emphasise what is psychologically significant in the modelling of a face or the pose of a shoulder, and the caricaturist is careful to retain that rhythm of line and plane which differentiates art from mere illustration. Kapp is eminently accomplished, and as incisive as he is elegant. Look at the resigned loveliness of Mme. Patin, the histrionic pretentiousness of Paul Boncour, the quizzical cruelty of Mr. Justice Avory, the neat good nature (like a terrier's) of Bénès, the oriental disillusionment of Titulesco, the weedy virulence of Goebbels, and the majestic profile of Lord Cecil, brooding like some monarch of the air. The exhibition at the Wertheim Gallery includes, besides the Geneva lithographs, a number of drawings and studies. A little Still Life of a glass would be a proof if one were needed of the purely aesthetic sensibility behind Kapp's portraits. But it is in the medium of lithography that he moves with the greatest ease and certainty.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, March 20th—
- National Council for Equal Citizenship. Public Luncheon. Speeches by A. P. Herbert and Dame Janet Campbell. Prince's, Piccadilly, 1. (Tickets, 6s.)
- Home and School Council of Great Britain. Annual Meeting (4.30), Open Meeting (6), Woburn House, Tavistock Square.
- Youth Protest against Rearmament, 65 Brent Street, Hendon, 7.30.
- W. Keay on "The Powers and Colonial Expansion," Conway Hall, 7.30.
- Peace Meeting. Hampstead Town Hall, 8.
- "Back to Methuselah," Parts 3 and 4 (Act I only), Tavistock Little Theatre, 36 Tavistock Place.

SATURDAY, March 21st—
- London Speech Festival. Polytechnic Theatre, 10–5.30.
- Rugby Football. England *v.* Scotland, Twickenham.

SUNDAY, March 22nd—
- J. P. Gilmour on "Pessimism, Optimism and Meliorism," Conway Hall, 11.
- Pirani Trio, Working Men's College, Crowndale Rd., 6.30.
- Dr. Edith Summerskill on "Medicine under Capitalism," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.
- "Stubble Before Swords," Royalty Theatre.

MONDAY, March 23rd—
- "Der Träumende Mund," Everyman Cinema, Hampstead.

TUESDAY, March 24th—
- Rev. Leyton Richards on "The Christian Sanction against an Aggressor," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- New Schools in Action. E. B. Castle on Leighton Park, Reading. Adolph Tuck Hall, Woburn House, Up. Woburn Pl., 6.30.
- G. D. H. Cole on "Self-Government in Industry," Conway Hall, 7.
- Capt. P. Mumford on "The Air Menace—Prevention International Aviation," Church Hall, Putney Bridge Road, 8.
- Dr. H. A. Mess on "Tyneside." A Sociological Study, Le Play House, 35 Gordon Square, 8.15.

THURSDAY, March 26th—
- W. J. Turner on "The Future of Poetry," Royal Institution, 21 Albemarle Street, 5.15.
- Royal Philharmonic Society (Beecham), Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- Institute of Psycho-Analysis. Mrs. Melanie Klein on "Love and Reparation," Caxton Hall, 8.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHEN things go badly with us, when illness and death come near, we find an exaggerated comfort in our friends; the tongue-tied visitor in the ridiculous surroundings of the sick room represents the world outside, a harbinger of the living and the normal, precious because we are sick and he is well. When public affairs go badly, as they do now, and there seems no future for the world but suffering, more suffering and bloody fluxes, then a visitor who speaks to us of the old values and of sanity is invested with a special value which is derived from our desperate need. E. M. Forster tells us that during the war he found some comfort in T. S. Eliot's *Prufrock*.

> Here was a protest, and a feeble one and the more congenial for being feeble. For what, in that world of gigantic horror, was tolerable but the slightest gestures of dissent? He who measured himself against the war, who drew himself to his full height, as it were, and said to Armadillo-Armageddon "Avaunt!" collapsed at once into a pinch of dust. But he who could turn aside to complain of ladies and drawing rooms preserved a tiny drop of our self-respect, he carried on the human heritage.

And now that the Armadillo has come rumbling out and thrown his shadow over us again, E. M. Forster has brought the most well-timed precious comfort in *Abinger Harvest* (Arnold, 12*s.* 6*d.*). To me, at all events, no one else, now living, could bring quite the same message. Lowes Dickinson, Roger Fry, or Lytton Strachey might have done. If one drew a triangle connecting their three points of view, Forster would be somewhere within it, or very close outside. It is difficult to define exactly what there was in common. It was certainly not simply that all four came from Cambridge and had reached intellectual maturity before the war: but rather that unlike all the pitifully worried elderly people round us, their minds were not propped-up and so did not feel the loss of their props when these were knocked away. They grew unsupported, from their own roots, and what E. M. Forster says of Roger Fry was true of all four: they believed in reason and mistrusted intuition.

> Is not belief in reason based upon a misconception of human nature which we should correct? Since the war an increasing number of people have come to feel this, and are taking refuge instead in authority or in intuition. Authority attracts our dictators and our serfs because it seems to promise a stable society. Intuition attracts those who wish to be spiritual without any bother, because it promises a heaven where the intuitions of others can be ignored. Roger Fry rejected authority absolutely. . . . Intuition he did not reject. But he knew that . . . the man who believes a thing is true because he feels it in his bones, is not really very far removed from the man who believes it on the authority of a policeman's truncheon. So he was suspicious of intuition, subjecting it, as it were, to a fumigating process, and not allowing it into his life until it was well aired.

A fumigating process! Yes, it was the practice of ceaselessly fumigating every subject that gave something of the same flavour to minds that were so essentially unlike, and it is this power that seems to be disappearing. There are still many, even among the young, who reject authority and mistrust intuition, but one feels they are children of the age of violence; they hanker after makeshift courses and cannot stay to fumigate.

* * *

Abinger Harvest consists of reprinted essays, articles, reviews and poems gathered into a book: the feast of scraps offered when the cook is too lazy to provide a fresh roast. Yet these scraps define Forster more exactly than any of the novels, the last of which was published—as he must be tired of being reminded—a dozen years ago, while its predecessors appeared in the decade before the war. In the novels we are aware of a vein of emotionalism in their author which makes him out of touch with the simple people and things that move him most deeply. In this he seems to illustrate what he says in an excellent criticism of Proust.

> Thus Proust's general theory of human intercourse is that the fonder we are of people the less we understand them—the theory of the complete pessimist. Dante took a different view. Dante believed that the fonder we are of people—the better we understand them—the theory of the complete optimist. To him knowledge was love, love knowledge, and Beatrice not Beatrice until he could meet her in heaven. . . . To myself, a child of unbelief, Proust seems more likely to be right.

This perhaps is the explanation of the more baffling passages in the novels—the moments when the Goat-footed God appears. The disturbing hoof-prints are rarely to be found in these pages, which are the work of a middle-aged, detached Forster with all his wits about him, and his company is the more fascinating because he remains cool. His next remark on Proust shows his unlikeness and his wider outlook:

> Does he make enough allowance for a certain good sense that persists in the human organism even when it is heated by passion? Does he not lay too much stress on jealousy? He regards it as the very food of love. . . . He and life are not identical here, life being the more amiable of the two, and future historians will find that his epic of curiosity almost sums up you and me, but not quite.

* * *

Several of the essays show Forster's political point of view, which he defines as that of:

> A bourgeois who adheres to the British constitution, adheres to it rather than supports it, and the fact that this isn't dignified doesn't worry me. I do care about the past. I do care about the preservation and extension of freedom.

Our danger from the Fascism of Mosley he thinks negligible; the real danger is what he calls Fabio-fascism. He thinks it will work in the traditional method known in England since the days of Charles I, that is to say by departmental tyranny and the dictator spirit working behind forms of law. This danger is just as great (in my opinion) from Socialists as from the propertied classes. Forster sees a danger in the Government control of broadcasting, which may certainly grow greater at any moment. And when he has discussed the encroachments that power is always making upon the freedom of the individual, he turns to notice the encroachments that the ownership of property would make on him, if he did not guard against them. At Abinger he bought a wood with a footpath running through it, and soon found that it was a breeding ground of jealousy and selfishness. Ladies of education would grub for botanical specimens, "other ladies, less educated, roll down the bracken in the arms of their gentlemen friends," and when he sees a bird, he feels: "My bird!" and is aggrieved when it flies over the boundary fence as though it belonged to itself. There is something delightful in thinking of Forster feeling such emotions stirring in his heart. And for Abinger he wrote what at Hollywood they would call the Continuity of a pageant which began and ended with a flock of sheep being driven across under the trees; one of the prettiest and simplest of pageants.

* * *

Most people crack jokes about things; we see the thing and are grateful for the joke. Forster's humour is in seeing a new truth; in revealing the thing itself. Anyone could have made jokes about the Queen's Dolls' House, with its roof and its exterior walls raised like an extinguisher above it. Any of us might have felt on looking at this miniature Hindenburg statuette into which every creative artist has driven a pin: "How differently I should feel—how differently must those feel who have been permitted to throw themselves into the Queen's Dolls' House heart and soul!" But only Forster, having paid his sixpence and waited in the queue, would ask:

> What is it like? Why is it so difficult to apprehend? A blot forms on the vision every time the effort is made. Everything must be like something, so what is this like? The carcase of a bullock? . . . These are lungs, those veins, that hole might fit over the horns.

Abinger Harvest is one of the most delightful collections of occasional writings I have read. The description of Babur, of Mr. and Mrs. Abbey, of Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet, of Trooper Comberbacke, give fresh, surprising, living pictures. Must we wait another dozen years for the next novel?

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Strange Glory. By L. H. MYERS. *Putnam.* 7s. 6d.
Creed. By MARGIAD EVANS. *Blackwell.* 7s. 6d.
From Death to Morning. By THOMAS WOLFE. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Night Over the East. Translated and adapted by EDWIN AND WILLA MUIR. *Sheed and Ward.* 7s. 6d.
The Grand Gennaro. By GARIBALDI LAPOLLA. *Jarrolds.* 7s. 6d.
A Harp in Lowndes Square. By RACHEL FERGUSON. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Readers who may have assumed that Mr. L. H. Myers was incapable of writing a short book—that it was his talent to spread himself, with leisurely elaboration, over a large surface: that it would be difficult for him to express all he had to say in any work less voluminous than a telephone directory—will be surprised and delighted by his new novel. Though much shorter than its massive predecessors *The Orissers* and the trilogy of novels which make up *The Root and the Flower*—the effect is as individual, the study of human relationships as vivid and entertaining, the general atmosphere as poetic and as remote from naturalism. Indeed, I feel that in some aspects *Strange Glory* shows the quality of Mr. Myers' imagination to even greater advantage. Had we but world enough—were the taximeter of Time not perpetually and audibly ticking away its message outside the front door—our enjoyment of a book would be in direct proportion to its length: but, as it is, we are glad of concision and brevity. And that few writers fail to benefit by respecting our prejudice, *Strange Glory* provides sufficient indication.

Here again it is the atmosphere that counts. Just as important in Mr. Myers' novels as the situation he describes, the characters he delineates, is the *atmosphere* in which both character and situation have their being. Some novelists have almost dispensed with background; Stendhal, for instance, though he may ask us to suppose that the landscape behind his protagonists is that of a Flemish battlefield or a small Italian city—and though he may proceed, in half a dozen brilliant strokes, to give our fancy all the visual support it needs—cut down the descriptive element to an absolute minimum. Other novelists, like Fromentin, depict their characters as a part—and an inseparable part—of the surroundings amid which they live. Dominique's unhappy love-affair is wedded to the flat melancholy country around La Rochelle where he had spent his childhood. Later, his despair and renunciation are associated with the rattling cobbled streets of early nineteenth-century Paris, and with the candle-light and cut flowers of an urban *salon*. Thus, the evocation of a fantastic and improbable journey up the Amazon, and the beauty of a large English country house, lent *The Clio* and *The Orissers* half their charm. In *Strange Glory*, the scene has changed to Louisiana; and, for one reader at least, Louisiana will always remain connected with the memory of this book—with its pictures of swamp and moss-hung forest, and of broad waterways, dark and silent through the ghostly woods.

For the novel begins and ends in the same locality. Here, in a scrap of primaeval woodland, where the grey forest-mosses hang thin and spectral from every bough, and where scarlet lichens stand out with startling distinctness on the pale bark of the huge ancient trees, Paulina, a young girl, travelled, rich, unmarried, sociable by instinct yet deeply interested in all the departments of life that lie outside the frontiers of a purely social career, meets Wentworth, a middle-aged recluse, who inhabits a tumbledown bungalow built in its depths. Wentworth, though the influence he gradually acquires over Paulina is far-reaching, cannot save her from the disaster of an unhappy marriage; and, after her divorce, Paulina comes back to the wood and to the hermit's house, and there begins the second and most passionate chapter of her life—a love-affair with a young scientist who has married the hermit's creole daughter. Shortly summarised, the substance of the book may sound meagre and conventional; but the story is only important in so far as it provides the novelist with an excuse for many long and fascinating digressions, for much penetrating analysis of temperament, and for passages as moving and delightful as the paragraphs in which he describes the beauty of the deserted *bayou*.

The characters never threaten to escape from their setting. Some critics, no doubt, will complain that Mr. Myers' portraiture is too flat and quiet-toned to be ever very distinct; but there are others who, like myself, may find that his characters are just sufficiently solid, and not too solid, for his purpose. The hermit, it is true, threatens to become something of an abstraction as we approach the end; while the mysticism that Mr. Myers seeks to convey is better *felt* than definitely expressed—by which I mean that, mystical experience being incommunicable, its quality is most easily conveyed, not through attempts at direct statement, but in the colouring that it gives the whole narrative. Eternity may be apprehended by the individual in the midnight sky, or in the corolla of a single flower; but the writer who wishes to communicate these emotions does it most effectively when he eschews the use of such large, puzzling, wearisome words as "Eternity" and "Infinity," and diverts his attention towards natural objects on which supernatural emotion appears to have left its trace.

Let me recommend *Strange Glory*—its title is borrowed from Traherne:

> A Stranger here
> Strange things doth meet, strange Glory see . . .

—to every reader intelligent and critical enough to find the average modern novel heavy going. For, whatever its limitations, it is essentially the product of an adult mind, of a writer whose imagination is both sensitive and finely balanced. None of the other novels on the list approach the same standard. Those who were lucky enough to hit on Miss Margiad Evans' first novel, *The Wooden Doctor*, will remember that, in spite of superficial clumsiness, it was a remarkable and uncomfortably convincing book. Her third novel, *Creed*, though more tidily written, is somewhat more difficult to digest. Miss Evans has swerved from the simple realistic method, that she had already employed so successfully, to a violent declamatory manner, in which outbursts such as the following are all too frequent:

> Ha, what a town! What a vital, wicked, boisterous town, which beneath its vigorous life, conceals a black current of despair and misery, and what people! . . . There are none like them in all the rest of England, unbelievable as they are to those civil gentlemen in collars and—never mind. I speak the truth, but the gentlemen will not be convinced. It is enough if they can be led to see this secret and defended country, with its red fields flogged by the rain, its floods, storms in the elms, clouds tossed over the hills and dissolving in moonlight, wild moods of unleashed winds and pathetic stillness. If they can feel its power of height and valley. *I* am possessed with it. I see it night and day.

If Miss Evans (one feels inclined to protest) is so deeply moved by her subject-matter, let her convey her excitement in the story; but, for heaven's sake, spare us this sort of Ercles ranting from the stage-box! Yet Miss Evans is an interesting writer and her novel has many admirable qualities. It is straightforward, vivid, written tersely and dramatically; and, if Miss Evans does not succeed in giving the little Welsh town that she describes a very definite place in the imagination, she affords some appalling glimpses of its religious life. But her method allows no room for the mildest relief—every page is as black and furious as the page that precedes it.

Miss Evans drives in her adjectives as if they were nails. Each does its work; whereas Mr. Wolfe, that talented yet, I think, grossly over-praised young American novelist, discharges his adjectives pell-mell, rather as if he were pouring coals out of a sack, rattling them down without much thought for their originality or suitability. At the bottom of page 67, in a sketch entitled *The Face of the War*, we learn that a gesture was "loathsome, foul and ineradicable" and, at the bottom of the next, that a slum district was "grimy, dreary and abominable." Mr. Wolfe very seldom employs his adjectives one at a time. In his prose (to vary the image) they clot together like bacilli, form sinister little clumps of five or six, and yet rarely add to the vividness and force of the narrative. No, I am afraid *From Death to Morning* is not a very good book. It is composed of a number of sketches and stories. The best, like *The Bums at Sunset*, are tales rather in the Ernest Hemingway manner; the worst, like *Death the Proud Brother* and *The Face of the War*, lengthy and impassioned disquisitions on the splendours, horrors and miseries of contemporary society.

Night Over the East is as intemperate a production as *From Death to Morning*. Here is an account of Central-European intrigue written from the point of view of a young Hungarian aristocrat, who has taken refuge in Finland, whence he returns—accompanied by a Hungarian intellectual and an Irish soldier-of-fortune—to the dangers and difficulties of Budapest. The book is exceedingly controversial; and, though the author's name is not printed on the title-page, we gather that he has three chief bugbears—Communism, Bourgeois Democracy, as he sees it

evidenced in Vienna and Budapest after the war, and "Byzantium"—by which he intends the rule of petty Balkan kingdoms, more particularly those of Rumania and Jugoslavia. Towards the middle of the book, the hero espouses the cause of the Macedonian nationalists and there are horrifying stories of torture, massacre and inquisition. The chief disadvantages of the book are, first, that the novelist's anger makes him a little incoherent; secondly, that the attempt to revive the Holy Roman Empire, of which the author dreams, is almost as remote from reality as the suggestion that King Arthur should be resurrected to lead the next Conservative Government.

Creed, From Death to Morning and *Night Over the East* are books that must be read in a passion—with enthusiasm or detestation—or not read at all. They demand a quick response from the reader; whereas Mr. Lapolla's *The Grand Gennaro* and Miss Rachel Ferguson's *A Harp in Lowndes Square* may be read, slowly and contentedly, for the pleasure of reading them. Both are competent stories of the second rank. Mr. Lapolla tells us of an Italian emigrant who comes to New York, determined to "make America" in the shortest possible time. Having ingratiated himself with an old friend, Gennaro bullies his way to a lion's share of Rocco's business, then manages to shove and swindle Rocco out of the trade. The early chapters of *The Grand Gennaro* are particularly good. . . . *A Harp in Lowndes Square*, by the author of that amusing extravaganza, *The Brontës Went to Woolworth's*, is half domestic chronicle, half ghost-story, derived from a close and affectionate acquaintance with *The Turn of the Screw*. What was the grandmother's guilty secret? What had become of Aunt Myra of whom, for some reason, none of her brothers and sisters ever dared to breathe a word? Miss Ferguson manages to keep her readers guessing and to steer her narrative, smoothly and successfully, to a dramatic conclusion.

PETER QUENNELL

ASTRAEA WITHDRAWS

Survey of International Affairs, 1934. By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE, assisted by V. M. BOULTER. *Oxford University Press.* 28*s.*

Professor Toynbee's vivid erudition makes his narrative enthralling, particularly, I think, in his introduction to Part III (Europe). No one, I suppose, would have appreciated more acutely the account of "Monsieur Barthou's dream of an anti-German grand alliance" than Louis Barthou himself. "For a mundane politician the dream was ambitious; for in times past, it had required a prophet to coax the lion and the lamb into lying down together, and a god to hitch his chariot to a team of pards; and the feat of coachmanship which Monsieur Barthou was attempting was even more bizarre than the legendary miracle of the triumphant Dionysus. The wild beasts whom the French *virtuoso* was proposing to drive in double harness were not even carnivores of a uniform species. He was undertaking to yoke a Russian vulture to a Polish eagle, and a Lion-of-Saint-Mark to a Jugoslav unicorn; and nothing short of success in this pair of *tours de force* would entitle him to receive the victor's crown." A little later one reads, "In this generation, the *Civitas Dei* on Earth . . . was visibly withdrawing, like Astraea, to its heavenly place of origin and was abandoning the terrestrial stage to the primeval plurality of parochial states, whose animating principle was Physical Force." But while Professor Toynbee exposes, with the merciless fervour of an Augustine or even an Isaiah, the sin and the folly of mankind relapsing into tribalism, his delightful footnotes bring one quickly and constantly to earth. Those Communists who can still love their Voltaire will forgive Professor Toynbee for "this Marxian divinity, 'Historical Determinism,' was of the same species as those primitive preanthropomorphic divinities of the old Roman religion—Fortuna, Sors, Robigo, Febris, and the rest—which appear to have been the sole content of the native Italic religious imagination before Ancient Italy came under the successive influences of Hellenism and Christianity."

The Survey actually opens with the usual economic section by Mr. H. V. Hodson, at the outset of which he draws attention to two of the most interesting financial phenomena of 1934, viz.: that the Austrian currency became firm while that of protecting Italy began to waver, and this is all that we hear of Abyssinia. Professor Toynbee emphasises the "unexpected 'dynamism'" shown by the Austrians of 1934; he even finds in Dollfuss some of the lineaments of an Andreas Hofer. The European scene is, of course,

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dominated by the resurgence of Germany, and Professor Toynbee detects something of a subconsciously suicidal resignation in Central and Eastern Europe. His view of the Polish-German *rapprochement* is that "the Polish mouse, in putting itself at the German mouser's disposition, could scarcely hope to win any guerdon beyond that of being eaten the last." The chief Polish motive for repudiating minority obligations in September, 1934, becomes unusually clear, for, without this, Russia, who was about to enter the League as a Great Power, could have initiated measures on behalf of the Ukrainians in Poland while Poland could not have hit back.

Miss K. Duff's chapter on the Saar gives an impressively exact picture of the last year before the plebiscite, though the writer never, I believe, appeared upon the scene she describes. The sections on the Far and Middle East are certainly illuminating. While one hesitates to offer criticism upon Asiatic topics, one can, here and there, play the graceless game of picking holes in the achievement of Professor Toynbee and such collaborators as may have contributed to the picture of Europe. A bowing acquaintance with the problems of the Baltic in 1935 causes me to doubt whether the small Baltic States are now so definitely on Russia's side (as against Germany), as Professor Toynbee implies, nor does one gain the impression that Poland is quite *désintéressée* in the Baltic once Vilna is admitted to be hers. It also seems to me rash to believe that King Alexander was vindicated "in all Jugoslav minds" by the manner of his death. The shielding of Italy by France at Hungary's expense is clearly brought out; since the trial at Aix we have been newly reminded of this, and Hungary's recent gestures of fidelity to Italy become proportionately stranger. To Professor Toynbee one of the most remarkable facts about the year 1934 was that the murder of the King of Jugoslavia did not lead to war. He attributes this partly to the long shadow of Hitler falling across Europe, but also to the action of the League. "Here," he writes, "was a bow in the cloud which even the most cautious and sceptical-minded observer might permit himself to take as a good omen." Immersed in the Ethiopian darkness of 1936, have we not been compelled to abandon augury?

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

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ANCIENT MARINERS

Nana. By HARRIET ROBERTS. *Macmillan.* 4s. 6d.
Naval Odyssey. By THOMAS WOODROOFFE. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.
From the Irish Shore. By DENIS IRELAND. *Rich and Cowan.* 7s. 6d.
My Guided Life. By J. SCOTT LIDGETT. *Methuen.* 10s. 6d.
A Nomad of the Sea. By CAPTAIN GUY DE REYA. *Melrose.* 16s.
The White Tuareg. By OPERATOR 1384. *Rich and Cowan.* 8s. 6d.
The Man Who Was Seven Times God. By THADDEUS MICHAEL SHEA. *Rich and Cowan.* 7s. 6d.

Although Sir Thomas Browne held that when the oracle of Delphos said: "Know thyself" it was inspired by Satan, he regretted that mankind had failed to take the devil's advice. Autobiography should be an aid to self-knowledge, and confession is said to be good for the psycho-neuroses. It would therefore seem likely that autobiographers should be the most happy and virtuous of writers. But alas, there seems to be something wrong with the argument! Of this set of seven, two only appear to be on intimate and friendly terms with themselves. The others see their hero as merely an elegant lay figure moving with suitable gestures amongst remarkable happenings.

Nana is the life story of an Irish children's nurse who was a child in the famine of the 'forties, and crossed to America at fifteen, hungry, in the steerage of a sailing boat. She told her story to the last of her charges, who wrote it down in hasty childish scrawls on odd sheets of notepaper in her own words. Mrs. Roberts has put the pieces together and filled up the gaps. It is a short book full of detail and conversations, and admirably free from any kind of padding. Here is Nana speaking:

> "There were three parts to the steerage. Aft was the first-class steerage—I think they had chairs—they was high-toned, not common things like we were. We were the second-class steerage. We had no chairs, and you lay or sat in your bunk all day. The sailors were forward; they had a fire and a man to cook for them, but all fires had to be out by five o'clock. The horses were aft—the horses and the ladies." And Nana laughed again.

When the emigrants gathered on the boat, children were not questioned—"They knew we didn't know anything but hardship." Mrs. Roberts has drawn portraits of herself as a child and of her nurse which are as charming as they are convincing. Nana is one of those ignorant angels who suffer evil without returning it, and are unaware of their own goodness. There is no condescension in the amusing stories about her naivete, and no sentimentality in the tenderness which informs the whole memoir. This book will be popular with anyone who likes the human race.

Naval Odyssey is a workmanlike and humane account of the Mediterranean voyage of the cruiser *Cassiopeia* in 1921. It visited Santander as the representative of England at the four-hundredth anniversary of the return of Del Cano, Magellan's second in command. It was called to Smyrna when Britain seemed likely to be mixed up in the Turko-Greek war, and helped in the evacuation of that city. It then went on to Constantinople, but was recalled to enter the port of Smyrna in defiance of the numerous ultimatums of Mustapha Kemal. The story is told from the point of view of a young and lively-minded officer. The attitude of the wardroom to war, authority, able seamen and foreigners is made clear. During the junketings at San Sebastian a French officer of the Guard comes on board:

> "You here long time?" bellowed the Chief genially, as if he were addressing a distant Chinaman.
>
> The French officer of the Guard pondered this for some time. Why, he was wondering, do these English all think me as deaf as a post, and why can none of them, apparently, speak their own language? What could this idiot mean?
>
> "Plenty sport, eh? Spanish girl all right?" went on the Chief, knowingly. He knew exactly what all these foreigners thought about. He winked at the guest.
>
> Toby—the author—is visited by an emancipated young Spanish lady.
>
> "Yes," she announced, "you are English. Always it is: 'Have you seen my stamp collection? Have you seen my garden? Have you seen my photographs?' Do you know, I could not go alone to the cabin of any other officer, French, Italian, Spanish, even? At once they would try to make love. But you English!—you are different. And that's why you are so dull, dull, dull like cabbages." She was blazing at him now, and he wondered what he ought to do next. Then her mood changed. "Or so attractive, is it?" flicking him on the cheek.

"Oh well, then," said Toby, and kissed her. She looked very much surprised.

It is impossible not to believe in, and hard to dislike the cross-section of the British Navy revealed by this book. The coy heartiness and limitation of sensibility usual in naval reminiscences are absent from this one.

From the Irish Shore is the autobiography of an Ulsterman who went through the war and has since travelled round the world. It is in the irregular diary manner and is stiff with quotations, introspections, and literary criticism. Unfortunately the commentary wavers between the commonplace and the high-falutin. Mr. Ireland's indignation with the lady who condemned *Man of Aran* with the words "Too much *sea*, my dear," is typical. "Which is very much as if one were to remark of the average British or American film: 'Too much bed, my dear!' or 'How unlike the home life of our own dear Queen!' All the same, judging by the tone of their voices and the rather frightened expression on their faces, the dear old things went back to their tea-parties and bridge evenings not quite so certain that they were on the direct line from Queen Victoria to God. *Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground!*" Only in the attack on Anglo-Irish authors, and the defence of a priest who told good dirty stories, does the book come alive.

Dr. Scott Lidgett is not a maundering Buchmanite as his title might suggest. He believes that he has had divine direction at critical moments in his life, but he wastes no space over it. His grandfather was a friend of Matthew Arnold, and a good fighter for the education of the poor. Dr. Scott Lidgett is a Methodist leader who has fought against the dissidence of dissent, and done valuable work in stirring up the social conscience of the Churches. He has tactfully pushed in high places for educational and other reforms, and is a good specimen of the evangelical Liberal. His book is a rather desiccated record of effort and achievement amongst the Philistines.

The remaining trio are library books for Barbarians. Captain de Reya, Operator 1384, and Thaddeus Michael Shea are dispensers of that Truth which, as the publisher said, is stranger than Fiction. They dip their buckets into the well and behold! swimming about in them are delightful little birds like those which the French call *canards*.

The Captain learned seamanship in a sailing-boat, and his first adventure was being captured when gun-running in Morocco. He still sounds rather hurt about it. He smuggled arms into Ireland twice and into Spain once, and alcohol into Finland and other places. When he met his employers in West End hotels he told them that he did not mind smuggling any kind of contraband, but "refused to have anything to do with dope." "For obvious reasons" he occasionally withholds the names of smugglers, their boats and their landing-places. His book is full of anecdotes bearing the well-deserved labels "queer," "mystery," "strange" and "odd." The blurb says that this sailory and unpretentious work will "appeal to anyone with the salt of the sea in their veins."

The White Tuareg is by the author of *Hell Hounds of France, The Legion of the Lost, Devils' Diplomats*, etc. The author and his American friend McCann helped to stamp out the White Slave and drug traffic for the Secret Service of the Foreign Legion. They risked death at the hands of innumerable rogues in buckram, and death in quantity—with or without torture—occurs on most of the 306 pages. The White Tuareg is an English deserter from the Legion, and the head of the traffic in dope and women. He is captured but proves to have meant well all the time, and gets off lightly. There are nameless orgies, underground passages, a white princess, and everything. If the anonymous operator had occasionally asked us to stop him if we had heard this one, the book would have been shorter.

Thaddeus Michael Shea has been God six times and the Devil once. He is an Irishman with a red beard, and was naturally mistaken for the Deity by ignorant natives. In Hollywood he was taken for the Devil. He claims to have invented the God racket, to have a knowledge of conjuring and hypnosis, and a talent for faith-healing. He began in the Far East, but being nervous of his numerous wives, fled with rubies and sapphires to Borneo. There he was accompanied by one Vanderdonk, his wife, and a native girl called Leila. Eventually Shea finds Vanderdonk bound in a hut stark naked while Leila—also naked—addresses him:

"She whom you loved!" Leila cried tauntingly. With a swift movement she leaped forward, and then back. The head she had held now remained against the chest of Vanderdonk, a knotted loop

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For three months NEW STATESMAN readers have been confronted with the question 'And who is my neighbour?' Many have found the reply, and having found it have sent contributions to this Society, whose concern it has been for nearly a century to minister to Governesses—whose whole life is one of service for others. Some have 'passed by on the other side.'

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of the long hair flung over his head about his neck. She laughed as he shrank from the dangling, hideous thing, and then she postured before him, thrusting her body at him, fleering at him with indescribable mockery.

After some other bother Shea became Mahdi in Egypt and spent some time in a nasty madhouse in Cairo. He later acquired King Solomon's treasure and an Abyssinian princess, but there was a curse on the treasure, so he went off and was a near-God in forbidden Nepal. An exceptionally holy fakir found him out and cursed him, so he went to receive blood-sacrifices in Hollywood. But his mother died after dreaming of the fakir, and Mr. Shea retired from business. It is all written up with an engaging cynicism. Thaddeus considers that a successful fake ought to be crude. Mr. J. G. Shaw, who "took down" the charlatan's story, provides an appendix of affidavits to prove the truth of it. *The Man Who Was Seven Times God* will now become a best-seller.

FREDERICK LAWS

OUR ISHMAEL

Mirages. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Like Ishmael Mr. Cunninghame Graham was born for the desert. His spiritual home is in the wild places of southern Spain, Morocco, or South America. Like the wild ass, he scorns the cities and the babble of society. To myself the retrospect of life is like a cinema too rapidly turned, and never to be recovered; but to Mr. Cunninghame Graham the desert has suggested the symbol of a mirage, for it is only on a desert that a mirage is visible in all its false and alluring beauty. But though the mirage is untrue and its loveliness is non-existent except to the mind of man, he bids us preserve it intact and beautiful. In these brief sketches he gives us scenes of mirage beheld at intervals during his long and adventurous life, and described with that peculiar art of which he alone is master.

The scenes range far and wide, but, with one exception, they are all laid in desert or disregarded places such as his soul loves. We are shown the Gauchos of Uruguay; the herdsmen of an unvisited village not far from Cadiz; a Bull-ring at Caracas; a half-English defender of the oppressed near Tangier; a marvellous imaginative vision of the three Magi on their way to Bethlehem as depicted fast asleep in a picture at Como; the riders over the pampas around Buenos Aires at about the time which W. H. Hudson himself describes in *Far Away and Long Ago*; and, the one exception, the lonely grave of an actor planted outside the consecrated ground of a graveyard in Bute. And we have besides a brief chapter upon the memorial set up by a Jewess at Algoa Bay in honour of the horses that died in the Boer War.

That story of the Jewess and her pity for the horses sacrified in that wandering war is to myself the finest and most touching in the collection. For to me Mr. Cunninghame Graham, even in sedentary London, seems always on horseback. His knowledge of the body and soul of horses is unsurpassed, and he counts all their sufferings in the war. I too knew them. Ordered to overtake Lord Roberts's army on its approach to Pretoria, I had to ride day and night after him from Bloemfontein to Johannesburg, and I was guided upon the way by the stench of the horses left to die upon the route. "To anyone cursed with imagination," the author writes, "the gift that makes life sometimes almost unbearable, it is infinitely sad." Most of the horses had been brought like sacks overseas, untrained, inexperienced, and wild:

> The march with its long hours, its scarcity of water, the heavy weights to carry, the jingling sabres beating on their flanks, the girth galls, and the sore backs, for after a sea voyage they necessarily were soft, all these and scanty rations, the infernal buzzing of the myriads of flies, the penetrating dust, the mud in which they stood after a heavy semi-tropic shower, these were their portion or the Via Crucis they endured.

The whole description is terrible in its accuracy, noble in its sympathy. It reminds one of that fine chapter called "Calvary" in an earlier book of the author's, describing the fate of a London cab-horse in the old days of hansoms, after his life in the free air of the Argentines. One remembers too how Thomas Hardy, himself suffering under the curse of imagination, pleaded during that same war that horses at least might be kept out of the firing range, but of course he pleaded in vain.

Of the other scenes, though all are vivid with the author's magic power of suggesting the atmosphere, I think the most vivid are the picture of three musicians in the band who kept on playing their instruments in the vain hope of stilling the panic of the audience at an alarm of fire in a ramshackle theatre in Spain, and continued till they too were burnt alive; and the anguished anxiety of a father, himself an old and injured bull-fighter, as he watched his two sons play and kill two savage bulls in a small bull-ring at Caracas. But to give only one more extract from this fascinating book, let us take this picture of a Gaucho, which seems to represent Mr. Cunninghame Graham himself as I always imagine him:

> At times well dressed, in Gaucho fashion, his horse adorned with silver and he himself trailing great silver spurs that dangled from the high-heeled boots the Gauchos used to wear, at others in the clothes in which he died, poncho and chiripá, with potto boots upon his feet, and a bandana handkerchief tied round his head, beneath his hat.

On the book's jacket we see a photo of Epstein's fine bronze bust of the notable adventurer and horseman.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

THE SCAPEGOAT

Anti-Semitism. By HUGO VALENTIN. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Short History of the Jewish People. By CECIL ROTH. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

The Yellow Spot: The Extermination of the Jews in Germany. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.*

The practice of drawing up an indictment against a whole people has been one of the chief characteristics of diseased nationalism or religious fanaticism in every age. Hitler made no new discovery when he realised that economic disaster and national calamity might be successfully attributed to the evil influence of the Jew; he merely supplied an improved and diabolical technique. In the twelfth century noble crusaders who were unable to make the journey to the Holy Land were informed that they could secure pardon for their sins by exterminating the infidel at home. To-day in Germany a people as yet unready to fulfil their national destiny by a resort to war are encouraged to seek compensation by practising racial purification within their own borders. The victim is charged with a different offence, but the satisfaction obtained by the persecutor is precisely the same.

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The Jews in the Middle Ages were accused of having compounded a potion, the ingredients of which were spiders, frogs, lizards, human flesh and the hearts of Christians; with the aid of this fantastic mixture they had poisoned the wells and so caused the Black Death. The Nazi concoction of anti-semitic lies is hardly less incredible. The Jews must be held responsible for the war, the peace treaty, reparations, inflation and the depression; by their mere existence they have polluted the Aryan race and so succeeded in poisoning the whole national life of the German people. Is it possible to extract from this farrago of nonsense any coherent principle which may explain the persecuting mania that has stained the record of almost every age and nation?

This is the problem which Mr. Valentin sets out to discuss. First, he examines the claims of the different theorists of anti-semitism; the orthodox Jew who sees persecution as a punishment from God, the Zionist who explains it by the abnormal position of the Jew as a member of a nation without a state, the Socialist who regards race hatred as the specious weapon whereby the illusion of national solidarity is fostered among the workers. Naturally each special brand of anti-semitism gives colour to some new explanation; particular circumstances will determine whether he is to be assailed as a heretic, a business rival or an alien. The multiplicity of the accusations reveals clearly enough that the unifying factor must be looked for, not in the character of the Jew, but in the mind of the Jew-baiter. Soberly, but ruthlessly, Mr. Valentin examines and exposes every Nazi charge. Of course there have been Jewish financiers, Jewish Marxists, even Jewish criminals. But is this any reason why a whole people should be condemned in "one sweeping clause of ban and anathema"? In any event, we need hardly suppose that the Nazi regards corroborative detail as essential to his equipment. For in many cases the charges are contradictory. The Jew is at the same time too arrogant and too subservient; he is capitalist and revolutionary; in Germany he is pro-French and in France, Poland and elsewhere he is pro-German. The primitive instincts must be very near the surface to be aroused on such flimsy pretexts. No one who has read this book need continue to wonder why the will to peace in our nature has so easily surrendered to the streak of barbarism.

Mr. Roth is not concerned in the first instance with anti-semitism; that is a problem for the psycho-analyst rather than the historian. He gives instead a social and economic history of the Jews, and his fine narrative style enables him to paint a vivid picture of the great migrations which have provided the background of the Jewish life ever since the Oriental became a European. He is able to discuss somewhat more fully than Mr. Valentin the problem which anti-semitism presents for the Jew rather than the Gentile. Always the Jew seems to have been confronted with two grim alternatives—assimilation with the consequent loss of his own identity or continued exclusiveness with the prospect of forgoing many of the natural rights of a citizen. In the nineteenth century assimilation and emancipation went hand in hand. But to-day in Germany, the home of assimilation, such a policy has provided no escape from the pogrom and the ghetto. The eternal problem is simply stated in one sentence by Mr. Valentin: "The Tsarist Government, which desired to annihilate Russian Jewry, welded it together; the Bolshevist, which makes no distinction among the various peoples of Russia has to all seeming brought it to the edge of the abyss." It is not easy to see how this difficulty may be overcome, but the Jew has at any rate the right to solve it himself without pressure from outside. The intensification of that pressure reveals that our claim to civilisation rests on an all too insecure foundation. Europe cannot boast of having evolved a higher standard of values whilst bad scientists and worse philosophers are ready to discover in the shape of the skull or the colour of the hair some new excuse for sharpening the implements of oppression. Throughout history the Jew has played the part of the professional scapegoat and we are now right back in the Middle Ages when it was precisely for those beliefs that were most impossible to prove that men were willing to die and to kill, to suffer and to persecute.

Those who suggest that this conclusion is in any sense exaggerated should read *The Yellow Spot*. In ancient times the attack on the Jews was the result of tribal ambition or dynastic avarice. Later anti-semitism became religious; to-day it is racial and nationalist. All the evidence proves that the ordered terrorism of Hitler is as thoroughly bestial and menacing as anything devised by Nebuchadnezzar or Torquemada. *The Yellow Spot* is the most terrific indictment of Nazism that has yet appeared. The anti-Jewish decrees of the Government make hideous enough reading in themselves. But the calculated brutality and licensed sadism with which they have been carried into effect must make even the most insensitive reader gasp with horror. The book is detailed and well documented, most of the evidence being taken from the Nazi newspapers. Every phase of the campaign is dealt with; the cold pogrom by which the Jew has been deprived of his livelihood, the methods of the storm trooper and the concentration camp, the incredible measures by which special efforts are made to humiliate little Jewish children, and, foulest of all, the "race-defilement" propaganda of the *Stürmer*, the use of which is now officially encouraged in many of the schools. Those who read this book will realise that the bestiality it records forms an intrinsic part of the Hitler regime. It should help persons in this country to understand a Government which glories in the attack on a helpless people and accords to Julius Streicher a position of honour. MICHAEL FOOT

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LIFE AS IT IS

South Riding. By WINIFRED HOLTBY. *Collins.* 8s.

This book will deepen the sense of loss caused by the death of Winifred Holtby. The fastidious critic will find it inferior to *Mandoa, Mandoa!* there are signs in it of a flagging vitality, or at least of a too necessary impatience to finish the day's work before night descended. But it is a most courageous attempt to bring the novel back into effective contact with daily life and current problems. It reminds one of such Victorian novels as *North and South*. Yet it is not propagandist. The most remarkable quality of Miss Holtby's work was wisdom: and in this novel we are again shown the mixed motives, the clumsy goodwill, the aspirations and limitations which make the texture of ordinary life. The reactionary and the progressive are given the same fair justice, and we are left feeling that wickedness is usually only stupidity, and that virtue, too, is a form, though a very desirable one, of self-indulgence. The activities of a County Council in Yorkshire provide the skeleton of the story, and the focus of dramatic interest is the love inspired by a gentleman farmer in a

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Peter Stucley's story of Mayfair and the depressed areas of Wales, *Private Stars*.

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schoolmistress. (The farmer has a mad wife, and the story seems to be suggested by *Jane Eyre*.) We are given brilliantly horrible descriptions of English lower middle-class life, of poverty and pain and hopelessness: there is no really fortunate character in the book. Yet the general effect is encouraging. *South Riding* deserves the widest possible circulation for the extreme decency which inspires it. The characters are drawn incisively, the landscape is nobly presented, there is neither cynicism nor sentimentality in it, but a wise courage which accepts life as a mixed bag, and holds out the reasonable hope that the progress we have made since Neanderthal times is not yet finished.

KITTY, DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY

Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry. By VIOLET BIDDULPH. *Nicholson and Watson.* 15*s.*

Miss Biddulph has written a readable book about one of the odd personalities of the eighteenth century. Indeed, so odd is the personality of Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry, that nothing can fully render it except her own letters; and of these unfortunately not many are left, and not all that are left are accessible to the scholar. "In writing you are too lazy to give yourself the trouble of acting a part," wrote Swift to the Duchess, and he was content that their acquaintance should remain chiefly on paper. No wonder: she professed herself "a hater of common civility"; she used to post in her house imperious directions for her guests; and was whimsical, self-willed, and without any regard for others. She said that most people who had done her the honour of coming to stay with her had given her "two pleasures, their entry and exit." About a friend whom she appreciated she wrote: "What endears me to her is that she finds out when I like my own company, and at those times she likes her own." If this passage is correctly rendered, "endears *me* to *her*" is supremely expressive; it may be taken as an unconscious indication of what people had to suffer who did not sense when Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry, liked her own company.

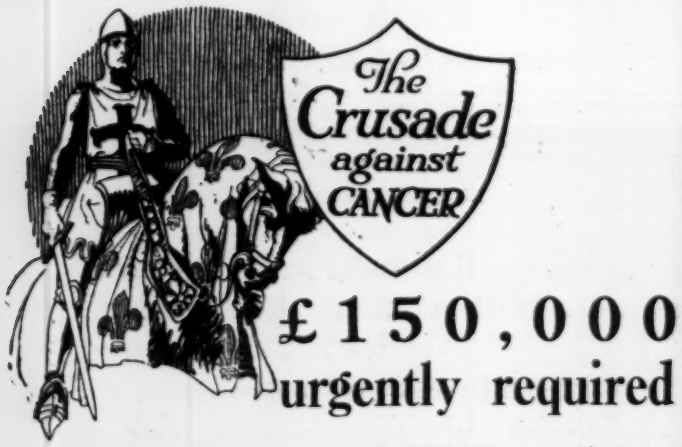
And here are a few more passages in which she speaks of herself:

> I am not beloved, neither do I love any creature except a few, and those, not for having any sort of merit, but only because it is my humour.
>
> I have betrayed to you the devilishness of my temper but I declare to you nothing ever enlivened me half so much as ill-usage, either directed to myself or to my friends.
>
> Wherever vexation is in question I hardly ever met with anyone who could out do me.
>
> I have lost in him [Gay] *the usefullest limb of my mind.* This is an odd expression, but I cannot explain my notion otherwise.
>
> I write just in the style Lady Disertt talks, very incoherent stuff. . . . I find I like to write to you, and my health and good humour depend mightily on the pleasing myself . . .

She looked after her health in her own peculiar way: "my constitution . . . is an odd one, and therefore I am obliged to take an odd method to preserve it"; but at all times the Duchess (and in this she must be called a wise woman) disliked enquiries about her health (polite How are you's mechanically repeated by people who do not care for the answer).

She used to dress in a plain brown gown and petticoat, partly from natural love of contradiction and partly from the principle of never changing her style. At least she had one.

L. B. N.



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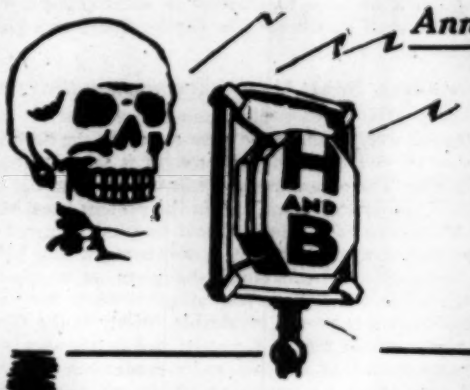
BLACK AND WHITE

Kenya: Contrasts and Problems. By L. S. B. LEAKEY. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Among the many books, long and short, which have been written about our troubled little dependency, the Colony and Protectorate of Kenya, Dr. L. S. B. Leakey's volume of 189 pages would in any case be notable on account of the unique qualifications of the author. Born and brought up in Kenya, he has spent the greater part of his life in the country of the Kikuyu tribe; he claims to be in many ways more a Kikuyu than an Englishman and to find it, to this day, often more natural to think in the Kikuyu language than in English.

He dedicates his book "to his Black and White Friends in Kenya" and it is much to be hoped that it will be widely read among the latter, at any rate. For he writes on topics towards which the average white man and woman in the Colony have closed minds. His survey covers a range in time from the mists of pre-history to a period of perhaps two hundred years hence during which he foresees a condition of progressive desiccation and increasing aridity. The range of subject in his treatment is much more restricted—full and arresting in the domain of natural science, language and anthropology, but very sketchy in the domain of economics. In this the author is true to his Kenya type, for the average citizen there has only the haziest idea of the sources from which public funds are drawn. Thus he contents himself with observing that "railway freight charges in particular are considered by most settlers to be much too high; although certain farm products like maize are given a flat rate which can hardly be economic from the railway's point of view." It would have been more impressive if he had illustrated this situation by citing that whereas the farmer in England has to pay 8*s.* 6*d.* to have one ton of maize or corn railed 63 miles, the Kenya farmer for the same payment can have his ton railed 540 miles; that the railway administration, being seriously out of pocket over this exploit receives a subsidy of 5*s.* a ton from the Government and that this is paid from general revenue, of which more than half is derived from the direct and indirect taxation of Africans, who thus make an enormous, and veiled, contribution to the support of the white colonisation experiment going on in their midst. Similarly "the recent discovery of fairly extensive goldfields" is disposed of in six lines without mention that gold, at round about £7 an ounce, is being mined by Africans who are paid 4*d.* a day—the lowest wage on record in any British goldfield.

However, the author, apart from the economic inhibition, does not shirk contentious issues, but treats them with a disarming reasonableness which gives great practical value to his book. Among the wealth of interesting topics may be mentioned the camera *versus* the gun in natural history research, the missionaries' *versus* the Africans' notions of sex, the Church view-point as distinct from the Christian view-point in Mission work, governmental restrictions to the teaching of English, although "Africans are born linguists," the official mania for frequent transfers of administration officers, European *versus* African methods in



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SPRING, 1936 NUMBER 37

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An informative, thought-provoking and valuable book at this time. WM. MCGREGOR ROSS

SHORTER NOTICES

Wassmuss "The German Lawrence." By CHRISTOPHER SYKES. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

During the war Persia suffered invasion by the British, the Russians and the Turks. The discreditable Anglo-Russian convention of 1907 had made our name mud in Persia, and the Germans might have been very successful there with anti-British propaganda, if they had not been handicapped by the outrages of their Turkish allies. Wassmuss was a German in the consular service who excited the Persians, especially the tribesmen of the South, to resist British activities. His profound love for the Persian country and people made him a most formidable agent, but at the last this destroyed him. The Germans had not paid their just debts to the sheiks, and Wassmuss sought to do so himself. The Persians did not believe in his honesty, and he died, ruined and disillusioned. The countries of his birth and of his adoption had alike betrayed him. Mr. Christopher Sykes writes of Wassmuss with great sympathy, but the desperately complicated story of Persia during the war requires a mastery of narrative which very few writers possess. Mr. Sykes requires also to discipline his prose; his taste in adjectives is specially uncertain. But such lapses in style are unimportant compared with his understanding of the Persian character and his imaginative response to the Persian scene. (It is, however, incomprehensible that he should class a book called *Innocence and Design* with the immortal *Hajji Baba*.). All students of the Near East should read *Wassmus*.

The Voice of Atlas. By PHILIP THORNTON. *Maclehose.* 8s. 6d.

Mr. Thornton is an authority on exotic music, and through his passionate interest in the songs and instruments of the Moors and Berbers he was able to arrive in a few weeks at an intimacy with these peoples which most Europeans in Morocco cannot establish after years. He was, he tells us, even initiated into the secret rites of the snake-charmers who still practise their ophic worship (very profitably) in the market-place of Marrakesh. Sometimes his stories, or the stories which he repeats, seem a trifle tall: it is difficult, for instance, to understand how a hole made in the neck below the ear can make it possible to play a wind-instrument without drawing breath, since the lungs still have to make their expanding motion. But Mr. Thornton is the rare type of traveller that ought to write books, for he spontaneously does away with the barriers of race-consciousness. We hope that he will give us similar accounts of other countries, for this book on Morocco is enormously above the general run of travel-books.

The Monks of Athos. By R. M. DAWKINS. *Allen and Unwin.* 15s.

The Oxford Professor of Modern and Byzantine Greek is evidently a man of unusual parts: to wide erudition he adds an ironical interest in human idiosyncrasies. Unluckily the title of his book is slightly misleading; it is concerned less with the monks than with the legends and hagiography of Athos. Evidently these traditions throw light on those who believe or repeat them, but we feel that some of the most interesting things which Professor Dawkins could tell us about Athos have not been included in his book. The distinction of his mind is reflected in his style, and the book illuminates the mysterious nature of that Byzantine civilisation which produced visual art of unsurpassed beauty, and yet added so little to human knowledge. This book ought to be in every public library.

Primitives and the Supernatural. By LUCIEN LÉVY-BRUHL. *Allen and Unwin.* 18s.

Dr. Lévy-Bruhl is so diligent in research, marshals his garnered facts so precisely, and argues with such persuasive charm, that one feels it positively disobliging to disagree with him. Nevertheless, sound as is his interpretation of the primitive's attitude to the supernatural, his ultimate implication that because the untutored savage thinks differently from ourselves he must necessarily possess a different mind, is neither warranted by the facts nor justified by the argument. Dr. Lévy-Bruhl continually uses "we" in contradistinction to "they"; they—the Primitives—being pre-Aristotelian, we—modern Europeans—apparently being Aristotelian to a man. Yet a book as full and pertinent as this could be devoted to our own superstitions and the fears they inspire. The savage has a hostile environment which he invests with hostile intention and circumvents by magic. We invent our bogies even more illogically, and our magic at times is even sillier than his, for he does make his socially useful. We do not wear amulets or dance ceremonial dances to ward off the horrors of plenty, because our science tells us that to burn wheat and coffee and use herrings for manure will suffice. On the other hand it would not occur to the most illogical of savages to build a *Queen Mary* in the neighbourhood of a pestilential slum. But apart from Dr. Lévy-Bruhl's assumption of a pre-logical mind, everything in this brilliant monograph is of value to students of anthropology, who may justly put it on the shelf that bears *The Golden Bough* and know that it is worthy of that high company.

Miracles and Adventures. By M. A. ST. CLAIR STOBART. *Rider.* 18s.

In this autobiography Mrs. Stobart tells again the story of her fine work in Serbia during the war, when, in the great retreat of the Serbians to the Albanian coast, she led her unit and brought it safely through without the loss of a life. The organisation of this famous unit was the culmination of years of preparatory work, and in the present book Mrs. Stobart tells us how the idea of a woman's field hospital occurred to her and how, in the face of many obstacles, it was brought into being and given official recognition. Incidentally she gives us a spirited account of her work during the Balkan War of 1912, when her wide knowledge of the Balkan people proved invaluable. Early in the Great War Mrs. Stobart was captured by the Germans and nearly shot as a spy. Indeed the "adventures" of the title, as the reader will discover, have been very real, and, which adventures so seldom are, very useful. In addition to the story of her war work and her travels, Mrs. Stobart relates some curious spiritualist experiences which have befallen her. It is a remarkable story of courage and enterprise, told simply and vividly.

Money, 1641-1935. An anthology compiled by MONTGOMERY BUTCHART. *Stanley Nott.* 12s. 6d.

Here is fine mixed feeding, ranging from Aristotle to Ezra Pound in time, from A to Z in alphabetical order, and from Ricardo to Major Douglas in orthodoxy. It must have been great fun to collect, and it is rather fun to read; always providing that it is regarded purely as an Economist's Bedside Book or Golden Treasury of Monetary Opinions and not as a serious effort at collating human knowledge. As a serious work it is pathetic. The space allotted to the various authors bears not the slightest relation to their importance; the name of Alfred Marshall is nowhere to be found, nor that of D. H. Robertson, nor that of Edwin Cannan. This, though the first-named was the first to treat monetary theory as part of the general theory of value, the second is to many people the most unfailingly stimulating and illuminating of contemporary economists, and the third, in addition to his more serious and sterling qualities, possessed the gifts of style and general quotability to a degree which should make his works a gold mine for the anthologist. The excerpt from J. M. Keynes leaves unexpressed the most essential parts of his theory; that from Professor Hayek is hopelessly incomplete. Generally speaking, from the extra space granted to the advocates of any and every form of inflation, Mr. Butchart's sympathies are pretty clear. But his aims in producing this anthology are less so, and it is difficult to see to whom it is meant to appeal. It is true that lecturers in search of ornaments to brighten an arid discourse, students desirous of livening up their essays, and connoisseurs of human folly with plenty of shelf space available, will find pleasure and profit in its pages; but outside these rather limited categories Mr. Butchart does not seem likely to find much of a market.

The New Junior Instruction Centres. By WALTER HOWARTH. *Chapman and Hall.* 6s.

The Junior Instruction Centres or "Dole Schools" established under the 1934 Unemployment Act are controlled by the Ministry of Labour. Local Education Authorities have the responsibility of beginning a centre where the Ministry thinks there should be one, and have to interpret the available instructions as to how they ought to be run. They were intended to keep unemployed juveniles off the streets and to prevent them from becoming anti-social. Mr. Howarth, who is a Director of Education, has tried to outline principles and curricula for these institutions. He writes optimistically, and his criticisms of governmental memoranda on the subject are polite, but his book exposes one of the major educational scandals of our times. The centres were invented for economic reasons unconnected with education. They were wastefully and foolishly set apart from the rest of the educational system. They are parsimoniously endowed, and now that they have begun nobody seems to know what is to be taught in them. The Ministry of Labour gives plenty of negative advice, but its positive suggestions seem to be as few as they are stupid. Mr. Howarth mildly rejects some of them and points out faults in the administrative machinery which is muddling through. His suggestions for the centres are the pious hopes of a well-intentioned administrator wanting to make the best of a bad job. The centres are a mean, face-saving alternative to the genuine raising of the school age. The problems which this book is an attempt to solve ought never to have arisen.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

FROM the end of the eighteenth century the style of composition for the piano—less the type of melody than the lay-out of accompaniment and ornamentation—branched out in two directions; the road cut by Clementi and Czerny, and widened immeasurably by Beethoven, was followed by Schumann, Mendelssohn and Brahms; while that founded by Hummel, Dussek and Weber flowed naturally out into the way of Chopin and Liszt, and culminated in Debussy. The breadth of difference between

The Economic Journal

The Quarterly Journal of the Royal Economic Society

MARCH, 1936

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the methods of Brahms and Debussy is only more remarkable, but not more real, than that between the methods of Beethoven and Weber; by following the two roads to their respective ends it is possible to see clearly why we all *feel* how impossible it is that Beethoven should have written the piano part of Weber's *Concertstück*, or Weber the *Andante Favori in F*. The occasion for these reflections is given me by the recording of those two works, the former by Robert Casadesus and the Orchestre Symphonique of Paris, conducted by Eugène Bigot (Col. LX470–1), the latter by Jose Yturbi (H.M.V. DB2480). The Weber is a wholly delightful piece, irresistibly melodious and gay. The rather puerile programme on which it is founded (a lady seeing her knight off to the wars and sitting in a dump until, from her window, she sees him returning) does not signify. The very brilliant piano part is here played with perfect taste, and the subsidiary orchestral part is kept in its place. These are records that everyone will enjoy. The same may be said of the *Andante Favori*, which is an admirable example of Beethoven's early middle period, though definitely unworthy of the Waldstein Sonata, of which it was originally intended to form part. Yturbi gives a firm—rather too firm—I had almost said governessy performance of it. In yet another record the two styles I have described receive a curious fusion; but it is chiefly Egon Petri's wonderful touch that makes the Schubert-Liszt *Soirée de Vienne* sound so magical (Col. LX469). The veiled, secret tone and the exquisite decorations make this one of the loveliest piano records I have heard for a long time. Beethoven's *Quartet in A minor* (*Op.* 132) shows the composer at the end of his life, wrestling with spiritual problems very much more complex than those with which the *Andante Favori* deal. The Léner Quartet's interpretation of this work has deepened in the last ten years and here they give a magnificent performance of it (Col. LX463–7). The effect of the slow movement—one of the greatest expressions of religious feeling in the whole of art—depends largely on the Adagio section's being taken *very* slowly, which is here done; the result is overwhelmingly beautiful. The other two quartets of this month are on a much lower level. A *Mozart in F* (K590), played by the Budapest Quartet (H.M.V. DB2514–6) is not one of its composer's most interesting, though the Allegretto has Mozart's authentic quality. A beautiful performance does much to make up for an intrinsic lack of distinction in the music. Milhaud's *7th Quartet in B Flat* is simpler and less rebarbative than most of Milhaud's later work; a charming folk-song element lurks beneath the elaborate harmony. But it is all imponderably slight and short-winded—the sneeze of a mouse! The performance, by the Galimir String Quartet (Decca DE7054–5), is good. I welcome the recording, by Hephzibah and Yehudi Menuhin (H.M.V. DB2742–5), of César Franck's *Violin Sonata in A*. This is a weighty and serious rendering of a noble and much-misused work, which has been spoilt for most of us by over-performance. There will no doubt be some who will prefer the Thibaud-Cortot combination, recorded some time ago by H.M.V. But this set seems to me scarcely less good, whether in technique or in interpretation. The second movement is played by both performers with the utmost verve and with an admirable definition in the difficult piano part; while the rhapsodic third movement is given just the right character of improvisation.

I have only two purely orchestral records to mention this month. One is Dvorak's *Slavonic Dances Nos. 1 and 2*, let loose by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra under Vaclav Talich (H.M.V. C2825). There seems to be a mild boom in Dvorak at present. I hope this specimen of his more skittish style will be considered sufficient. The performance is suitably fiery. It was time Handel's *Water Music* was recorded again, but I do not feel that this version, by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra (H.M.V. DB2528–9), is in any sense definitive. It is, to be sure, less noisy and emphatic than most of Stokowski's recordings, which is an advantage; but he takes the music much more slowly and seriously than Sir Hamilton Harty, thus depriving it of much of its gaiety; and there seemed to be some distortion in the recording.

The best vocal record of the month gives the *Finale of Act 1* of *Die Walküre*, sung by Georges Thill and Germaine Martinelli, with orchestral accompaniment (Col. LX468). This is an admirable performance, even better in recording than the excerpt from *Die Meistersinger* brought out by the same singers a few months ago, and immeasurably better than the French recordings of a year ago. I also heartily recommend Maria Gentile's recording of *Anch' Io la Virtu Magica* (from *Don Pasquale*) and *Quando Rapita in Estasi* (from *Lucia di Lammermoor*), both by Donizetti, accompanied by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Leo Blech (Decca DE7052). This is excellent coloratura singing, effortless and true; and the arias in themselves are exquisite examples of the Italian style. So, of course, is Bellini's famous *Casta Diva* (from *Norma*), and Ina Souez, seconded by John Barbirolli and orchestra, gives a good account of it (H.M.V. DB2720). But the singer is scarcely long-breathed enough for this arduous exercise, and she spoils some of the long phrases by too much breaking up. In this she shows herself inferior to Ponselle, who has also recorded the song. But Mlle. Souez's tone leaves little to be desired. *Say You Will Not Forget* and *Lullaby* (from the film *Lullaby*), sung by Beniamino Gigli with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra (H.M.V. DA1458), displays this lovely voice at its most tearful and saccharine. This should be a very popular record indeed. The Decca company has lately issued a recording of Liszt's little known *Missa Choralis*, sung (unaccompanied) by the Paris Philharmonic Choir under Ernest Levy (Decca CA8219–23). Though of interest to the musician, this is on the whole a dull work. The composer's attempts to use the voices as if they were orchestral instruments are curious but unsuccessful. One feels his constant yearning for a rich, romantic orchestral accompaniment and his inability to invent a purely vocal line: Liszt's genius was not well suited—as was that of the sixteenth or seventeenth century composer—to extended *a cappella* writing. The performance is adequate, though the tone wavers occasionally.

The dance records are unexpectedly lively this month. Two are especially distinguished. One is *If I Should Lose You*, played by Roy Fox and his Band (H.M.V. BD5025). This is a slow foxtrot with a kind of tune unusual in dance music, though very common in the works of the great composers (Mr. Ernest Newman has been collecting examples of it lately). You may possibly prefer Greta Keller's version of it (Decca F5863). The other outstanding tune is *I Dream Too Much*. This is a most alluring affair, and Paul Whiteman, with his customary virtuosity, treats it in a very original manner, both as to arrangement of instruments and harmonic decoration (H.M.V. BD5027). I much preferred this to Ambrose's more ordinary version (Decca F5861). The obverse of the Whiteman record—*The Jockey on the Carroussel*—is also worth while. I give both these records $\alpha+$. *With All My Heart*, played by Ray Noble and Band (H.M.V. BD5028) has an amorous appeal: I give it $\beta+$, but only $\beta-$ to *Hypnotised* and *Swing*, played by Jack Hylton and Band (H.M.V. BD5034), though the latter is extremely gay. Arthur Young and Reginald Forsythe give an adroit account of selections from *Follow the Sun* and *To-night at 8.30* (Decca F5879). *Rhythm Like This*, another Jack Hylton record (Decca F2958), is a clever, amusing experiment in the kind of cross-rhythm that might be described as "aural illusion." I should like to hear more of this kind of thing. *Sailor Beware*, sung by Bing Crosby with Georgie Stoll and his Band (Br.O2143), is also most attractive. Lastly, for the playing and rhythm, but for nothing else, I recommend *I'm Shooting High* and *I've Got My Fingers Crossed*, played by Louis Armstrong (Decca F5869).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 314

Set by Richard Church

Somewhere in the Elysian Fields the shade of Henry James is wandering, looking disconsolately for his little dog, that famous little dog whose habits while on the lead so often brought the master's parenthetical orations to a close. I believe that some of our readers, in touch with the spirit world, have heard of the loss, and are able to repeat the actual phrasing of the three hundred word advertisement and offer of reward, inserted by Henry James in the Nirvana News. A first Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea will be given for the most characteristic versions of that advertisement.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 27th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize

Company Meeting

UNITED KINGDOM PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

SIR ERNEST BENN'S SPEECH

THE ninety-fifth Annual Meeting of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution was held on March 18th in London. In moving the adoption of the Report and Balance Sheet for the year 1935 the Chairman, Sir Ernest J. P. Benn, Bt., first referred to the deaths of Mr. H. W. Hasler and Sir Robert M. Hyslop and the appointment of the Marquess of Lothian and Mr. F. H. Elliott to the Board, and said (in part):

The figures in the Report and Balance Sheet speak best for themselves. I select only one item for special comment. You will observe a considerable increase in the amount of money which you have lent upon mortgage and you may be interested to know that our popular house purchase plan is largely responsible for this improvement. The better class of house buyer is beginning at last to understand that the facilities offered by Life Assurance Institutions have attractions and advantages which are not available in other ways.

Ninety-five years ago the total abstainer was regarded with some degree of suspicion from a life-assurance point of view and this Institution was in fact founded to demonstrate that there was no justification for this attitude. From the very start and all through this long period our figures have shown the truth of our founder's views. The total abstainer lives longer than the rest and this longevity is the one big point of interest in our actuarial calculations and the modern preference for short term endowment assurance reduces longevity to a position of minor importance. 73 per cent. of the policies written in 1935 were of the endowment class and the mortality tables count for much less than would be the case if this business were whole life assurance.

THE FUNDS

Those of you who care to study the items which go to make up your £23,000,000 of funds will notice the changes that have been made within the Triennium under review. I regret that I am no longer able to talk to you of the geographical distribution of your property. 93 per cent. is British and no less than 86 per cent. domiciled within the narrow boundaries of Great Britain itself. The sound doctrine of safety through spreading has, therefore, to be applied to classes of investments rather than to their geographical distribution and you will notice the measure of our success in this matter by glancing at some of the bigger figures. 23 per cent. of our assets is allocated to cash items and British Government Securities of a short or medium dated character. 30 per cent. is employed in the property market, ground rents, mortgages, long leaseholds and freeholds. 25 per cent. has been placed in policy loans and in Municipal and County Stocks, Empire securities (Government and Municipal) and Railway and other debentures at home and within the Empire, the remaining 22 per cent. in preference shares, equities and foreign investments.

According to the Balance Sheet, you are reputed to be the possessors of £23,000,000 of funds. This figure is a book figure, and if you could realise all your property at current prices, and were foolish enough to do so, the proceeds would be greatly in excess of this figure. A similar difference, though on a smaller scale, occurred at the Triennial Valuation in 1932, when advantage was taken of the opportunity to create for the first time a really substantial reserve fund. Your marketable securities were then valued at the net middle market prices and £600,000 of the appreciation thus disclosed was added to the £100,000 which had figured for some time as your reserve.

In these times marked by violent changes in security values such as have occurred in recent years the appearance in the Balance Sheet of a substantial Reserve Fund, though no more valuable by reason of its disclosure, has a reassuring appearance and may have an important psychological effect. That is one reason why your Directors decided to increase the Reserve Fund by £300,000 and bring it up to a round million.

This amount of £300,000 was provided from profits on securities realised during the past year. On valuing our Stock Exchange Securities on the basis set forth in the Directors' Certificate, we found there was a considerable surplus revealed between the amount at which they stood in our books and the valuation total. This difference was sufficient to enable us to write down all redeemable securities that stood in the ledgers at the end of last year at more than the redemption price to less than the redemption value.

THE RATE OF INTEREST

The general market rate of interest for new money shows little, if any, change from a year ago. The authorities maintain a tight grip on the situation and while with the one hand they give us the blessing of cheap money, they take away with the other the liberty which alone makes it possible to secure full advantage from it. So far as 1935 is concerned, we are glad to report that our rate of interest has actually improved; the gross rate from £5 1s. 6d. to £5 1s. 9d. and the net rate from £4 2s. 0d. to £4 3s. 5d. This highly satisfactory result, far better than could be expected from the market conditions, must be attributed to the skill of our investment department, but cannot be regarded as anything but a passing circumstance.

I now come to a matter of perhaps more immediate interest to our members, or at any rate those who hold with-profit policies—the results of the Triennial Valuation. We have adopted, as I announced at last year's meeting, the mortality tables recently published based on the experience, during the years 1924–1929, of lives assured in British Offices.

On the basis adopted, the surplus disclosed is £1,897,288, to which must be added £85,972 paid as Interim Bonuses. As the amount brought forward from previous Valuations was £277,455 the surplus on the three years working is £1,619,833, after payment of the Interim Bonuses.

The Directors believe that this result will be regarded by the members as thoroughly satisfactory and they feel that it justifies them in their decision to distribute Bonuses at the same rates as were declared at the two preceding Triennial Valuations. Thus over a continuous period of nine years Bonuses have been maintained at a record level. The rates of Bonus, which range from 41s. to 45s. per £100 per annum according to class, are set forth in detail in the Actuary's report.

The Directors have further decided that Interim Bonuses during the current Triennium shall be at the same rates as those allotted during the previous three years. They range, as you will see in the Actuary's report, from 37s. to 41s. per £100 assured per annum reckoned on the total sum assured as increased by existing Bonus additions.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted.

Opportunities in KENYA

Men with moderate capital, or with an income which restricts their activities in England, find that settlement in Kenya opens up a fuller life. Without sacrificing social amenities, one can live in Kenya on a sum which would be inadequate at home. Fertile land; equable climate; labour and other costs are low. If you are interested in settlement or in farming write to Col. Knaggs, who will be pleased to send you illustrated literature and to answer your questions personally.—Col. Knaggs, Kenya Government Agent, Dept. 4, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

WANTED romantic holiday for family with children. Attractive furnished house or comfortable inn. Accommodation 4 to 6 adults; 5 to 8 children. Either safe bathing and unfrequented coast or mountains or moors. Month August. Careful tenants. Rent 10 to 15 guineas a week. Box 87, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

COUNTRY COTTAGE WANTED, unfurn., with good garden, within 60 miles London; about 5 rooms and bathroom. Sheltered position; clay soil ruled out. Rent or buy. BM/BAPK, London, W.C.1.

CHELSEA. Top room to let. All conveniences—no restrictions. Furnished or unfurnished. 'Phone: FLA 9970 or SLO 3842.

FLAT TO LET. Lady wishes to dispose remainder of lease, unfurnished flat, 2½ years as soon as possible. 2 sitting, 2 bedrooms (H. & C.), kitchen and bathroom. Rent, £100, unfurnished, or would be let furnished. Apply, 44 Cyril Mansions, Prince of Wales Road, Battersea Park (overlooking park).

DORKING. Single bedroom to let, furnished. Every conv. Recommended by Dr. and Mrs. Lawson Dick. Box 97, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FOR SALE, TO LET, &c.—continued

COMPLETE seclusion, 40 miles London. For sale, 6 roomed cottage, 600ft. Chiltern Hills, ½ acre. good repair, newly dec., garage. £500. Box 64, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED. Two unfurn. rooms (also own bathroom if possible); service; really quiet house and neighbourhood absolutely essential (no wireless or gramophones allowed); moderate rent only, but permanent if satisfactory. Reply Box 94, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

CHARMING Room in Cottage. Three minutes from Hampstead Tube and Heath. 22s. 6d., including breakfast. Lady only. Student preferred. Bath. HAM 5933.

WANTED s/c flat, Baker St. district. 1 large recep. bed, kit., bath, pleasant aspect. £80–£100. Box 88, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FURNISHED. Light, modern, s/c flat, Chiswick. 3 rooms, k. & b.; central heating, C.H.W.; 3 gns. Chiswick 5516, or write: 74, Chiswick Village, W.4.

WOULD anyone let London flat or small house, low rent, whole or part month April? Smartness inessential. A. E. DUNCAN-JONES, University, Birmingham 3.

FOR SALE, TO LET, &c.—continued

HAMPSTEAD. Small furnd. garden room, ground floor. Also, possibly, double room. 22 Belsize Ave. Prim. 1043.

SUNNY ROOM, unfurnished, to let in Georgian house, Chelsea. Service, electric light, constant h.w. 30s. a week. Apply between 10–6 to Sloane 6663.

BOARD RESIDENCE

CHELSEA. 105 Oakley Street, S.W.3. Bed and breakfast. 6s. 6d. per night, from 35s. per week. Bed-sitting rooms, h. & c. Tel. Flax. 7284.

HORTICULTURE

GENTIANA SINO-ORNATA. Gorgeous blue trumpets to flower this autumn, strong thongs, 3s. 6d. doz., 10s. 6d. for 50, post paid C.W.O. INGWERSEN, LTD., EAST GRINSTEAD.

LOANS

PRIVATE ADVANCES AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY. REGIONAL TRUST LTD. (Regent 5983.) 8 Clifford St., New Bond St., London, W.1.

or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 312

Set by Philip Jordan

Successful modern advertising, it is said, appeals to the worst in us, our snobbery, our vanity, our fears and our dread of sickness. Such technique has been highly successful in selling every commodity, from face cream to paint, but has never, so far as I am aware, been applied to books. Why not? Competitors might show publishers how to conduct their own businesses more efficiently, even if more vulgarly; and we therefore offer our usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for advertisements in the style of such commodities as health foods or face creams for advertisements, in not more than 250 words of copy, of any one of the following books.

The Forsyte Saga.
Gibbon's Decline and Fall.
Don Quixote.
The Sonnets of Shakespeare.
The Middle Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze.
Das Kapital.

Report by Philip Jordan

Well, the B.O's have it, I'm afraid; and nobody regrets it more than I do, for if ever there was a nauseating campaign it is that which was put over for halitosis and All That. Here the B.O. type advertisements have arrived in shoals.

"Have you C.A.?" (cerebral anaemia). "Are you N.Q.?" (not quite . . .). "Do you suffer from G.D.?" (general dumbness). "Have you B.I.?" (bourgeois ideology). The list is almost endless, as, indeed, was my task.

Now, let's get a few things straight. The simplest, clearest English written to-day is produced by the copy-writing kings in large advertising agencies. When you are paying as much as £6 for a single column inch you can't afford to indulge in any superfluous words. The message of an advertisement must be immediately apparent, on the assumption that its readers are all likely to be morons. And, as we implied, when setting this competition, the weapon must be directed at the weak joints in the armour of human nature.

On these assumptions I was able to discard at least 50 entries without much trouble. I was left with a large number which in one way or another fulfilled my demands. Many, with their heads or interpolated heads, aroused interest, but failed to sustain it.

"Was Irene to Blame?" yells M.S. in an advertisement for the Forsyte Saga. "Why didn't they tell James?" Who, reading that, could fail to want to know? But, alas, M.S. failed to tell me, and so out she went.

A great deal of pseudo-medical advertising clutters up our daily press, and competitors were not slow to make use of the statistical jargon which usually accompanies it. Vulgus writes:

"Dr. Marx's formula is the result of many years' careful analysis. It is the only scientific remedy for the embarrassing condition known as bad economics." T. Naisby, in an impassioned plea for Gibbon, used the same sort of trick.

"Are you certain that you yourself are not suffering from mental starvation? According to . . . L.R.C.P., 80 per cent. of the British nation have their potential mental pro-active capacity reduced to 42.03 per cent. by malignant mental malnutrition."

Snob "face-cream" advertising was popular. R.D.C. applied its use to Das Kapital, and not unsuccessfully. "Must yours," he asks, "be the role of humiliating silence because you cannot talk about Karl Marx?" If only he were right in supposing that those who do not know Marx do not talk about him!

Incidentally the entries for this competition tend to confirm Somerset Maugham's belief that very few people have ever read *Don Quixote*: only one competitor mentioned the book. Shakespeare was the most popular, with Galsworthy and Marx running neck and neck for second place.

But, about the prize-winners. By far and away the best entry was, had you guessed it? Allan M. Laing's, but he only gets second prize for his really brilliant adaptation of the Horlick's comic strip advertising because I wanted (and perhaps I ought to have made myself clearer) an advertisement that a publisher *could* use. So Digby Willoughby gets the first prize, instead. I particularly like the opening sentence.

FIRST PRIZE
BE CULTURED!!

She thought that Karl Marx was a film star!!

Do you blush when the bourgeoisie are mentioned? Are you afraid to speak of the proletarian *Weltanschauung??* When your friends discuss German Philosophy are you silent???

Perhaps you would like to know more of economics and of political theory. Perhaps you are not quite sure of the meaning of dialectic materialism. Maybe you can't join in intellectual discussions and your friends smile at you behind your back.

Don't be left out. You too can be Cultivated, Erudite, Brilliant. To-day more than ever in this rapidly changing world of ours it is the educated man or woman who succeeds.

Let one of the greatest thinkers of all time explain these things to you, clearly, simply, in your own home. Under the spell of *Das Kapital* you will acquire a new confidence, a clearer grasp of vital facts; you will be able to express your views fearlessly on any subject; you will be admired, respected. You also can be a philosopher—a *Thinker*.

Start reading this master work to-day and impress your friends with your new knowledge.

Das Kapital ("Capital") by Karl Marx. Published by the Bolingbroke Press. Tastefully bound in blue leatherette with gilt edges. 3s. 6d.

DIGBY WILLOUGHBY

SECOND PRIZE
JOYCE'S BOUDOIR

JOAN (listlessly): I don't know what's the matter with me. My conversation's completely run down. Even Jack doesn't listen to me now.

JOYCE: You funny child! It's easy to see what's wrong with *you*.

JOAN (on the defensive): Oh, you needn't say I'm taking the wrong dope. I take a dose of Eliot every morning, and no one could be more regular with her Powyses than I am.

JOYCE (tenderly): Darling; aren't you being the least bit Georgian? You might as well be taking Shaw. Now I'm going to give you a note to Mr. Gerald Gould. Promise me you'll do what he says?

MR. GOULD'S CONSULTING ROOM

GOULD: As I thought. Imperfect elimination!

JOAN: I beg your pardon?

GOULD: Your mind is failing to get rid of its Waste Lands. You can't expect to be the life and soul of a party if your brain pores are clogged with yesterday's literature. Now, my dear young lady, just go away and take a chapter of this book before every social engagement. Three guineas, please.

JOAN (paying and taking the book): Thank you. I will.

A COCKTAIL PARTY

JOYCE: Listen to Joan! Isn't she wonderful?

JACK: Yes, bit of a change, what?

JOYCE: Rather! You see, she's been reading James Thurber's *Middle-aged Man on the Flying Trapeze*.

JACK: Has she, by Jove! I'll have to get a copy myself.

JOYCE: Do. It's ripping stuff, and so easy to take. Not even the most sluggish mind can resist it.

ALLAN M. LAING

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 169.—THE WARDEN'S WILL

The will of the Warden of Whatnot ran as follows:

"I leave the sum of £5,539 and all my engravings to be divided among the Fellows of the College. No two Fellows are to receive the same number of engravings. The senior Fellow is to receive the largest number, the next senior Fellow the next largest number, and so on. Every Fellow is to receive at least one engraving. These provisions are sufficient to determine with exactitude the number which each Fellow receives. Moreover, each Fellow is to receive £x in respect of each engraving given to another Fellow, less £y in respect of each engraving of which he is himself the recipient."

Under the provisions of this will I received $x + y$ engravings. *How much did I get in cash?*

PROBLEM 167.—MISS CUTIEVILLE 1936

Once it has been ascertained that the number of judges and candidates is 10, not (as superficially appears) 9, this is a simple problem in deduction. A table should be constructed in which the data are inserted; this can then be completed sufficiently for it to be ascertained that

Dewdrop

received Mr. Peppermint's tenth vote.

PROBLEM 166.—WIENER-SCHNITZEL

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to: L. G. Roussin, c/o International Financial Commission, Athens.

Seven points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. Wed., Sat.
ALHAMBRA. The Show That Jack Built. Weds. and Sats.
APOLLO. The Last of the Ladies. Sat.
COLISEUM. "Twenty to One." Wed. & Sat.
DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Thurs. & Sat.
GARRICK. Two Mrs. Carrolls. Tues., Sat.
GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed., Th. & Sat.
HIPPODROME. Please Teacher! Th., Sat.
LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed. & Th.
MERCURY. Murder in the Cathedral. F., S.
PHOENIX. "To-night at 8.30." Tues. & Sat.
PLAYHOUSE. "Mary Tudor." Th. & Sat.
ST. JAMES'. 'Pride and Prejudice.' W. & S.
ST. MARTIN'S. No Exit. Tues. & Fri.
SAVOY. Wisdom Teeth. Mon. & Thurs.
SHAFTESBURY. "Promise." Wed. & Sat.
STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tues. & Sat.
WESTMINSTER. Fulgens & Lucrece. Th., S.
WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
LONDON'S LONGEST RUN. (16th MONTH.)

ALHAMBRA. Evgs., 6.15 & 9. Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
THE SHOW THAT JACK BUILT.
RANDOLPH SUTTON, JIMMY JAMES, FRANK RANDLE.
Prices (including tax) 10s. 6d. to 1s. 3d. Whitehall 2525.

APOLLO. Ger. 2663. TUES. NEXT, 8.
WILLIAM FRESHMAN'S COMEDY,
THE LAST OF THE LADIES.
First Matinee, Saturday, March 28, at 2.30.

COLISEUM. Tem. Bar 3161. EVGS., 6.15 & 9.
Mats., Weds. & Sats. at 2.30.
"TWENTY TO ONE."
THE SIDE-SPLITTING MUSICAL SPORTING FARCE.
LUPINO LANE, CLIFFORD MOLLISON.

CRITERION. Whi. 3844. 8.30. Tues., Th., Sat., 2.30.
LEON M. LION presents,
in assocn. with ARTS THEATRE OF CAMBRIDGE.
A CYCLE OF IBSEN 1879–1892.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON. JOHN LAUAIE.
LYDIA LOPOKOVA. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH.
HEDDA GABLER .. Mar. 23–25. Mat., Tues.
MASTER BUILDER Mar. 26–28. Mats., Thur., Sat.
A DOLL'S HOUSE Mar. 30–April 1. Mat., Tues.
ROSMERSHOLM .. April 2–4. Mats., Thur., Sat.
Produced by IRENE HENTSCHEL & MICHAEL ORME.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30, Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL
ANGELA BADDELEY MAY WHITTY

GARRICK. EVGS., 8.30. MATS., Tues., Sat., 2.30.
LESLIE BANKS & ELENA MIRAMOVA in
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.
with LOUISE HAMPTON.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evgs., 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
Evgs. at 8.15. Mats., Thur. and Sats., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER!"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER presents
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

MERCURY. Notting Hill Gate. 2s. 6d. to 6s. Park 1000.
Now Nightly (except Mons.) at 8.30. Fri., Sat., 2.30.
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.
By T. S. Eliot. Robert Speaight as Becket.
"The one great play by a contemporary dramatist now to be seen in England."—*Times*. (Nearing 150th Perf.)
Closed Holy Week. Special Mats., April 15, 16, 22, 23.
Every SUNDAY at 9, BALLET CLUB.

PHOENIX. Tem. 8611. 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE. NOEL COWARD.
"TO-NIGHT AT 8.30."
Three Plays by Noel Coward.

PLAYHOUSE. 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30. Whi. 7774.
FLORA ROBSON in
"MARY TUDOR."
JOYCE BLAND. LAWRENCE ANDERSON.

ST. JAMES'. (Whitehall 3903.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER and MAX GORDON present
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
ROBERT DOUGLAS in
NO EXIT.
CYRIL RAYMOND. GILLIAN LIND. RONALD SIMPSON.

SAVOY. (Tem. 8888.) 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.
BEATRIX THOMSON in
WISDOM TEETH.
EDITH SHARPE, RONALD ADAM, MARTIN LEWIS.

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MADGE TITHERADGE, EDNA BEST,
RALPH RICHARDSON, Ann Todd, Robert Harris in
"PROMISE."

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) LAST 3 WEEKS.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Sat., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT.
"THIS JOYOUS JOKE."—*Daily Telegraph*.

VICTORIA PALACE. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES.
All Star cast, with MARGARETTA SCOTT.
POPULAR PRICES 1s. to 10s. 6d. OVER 700 PERFS.

WESTMINSTER, S.W.1. Nr. Victoria Stn.
Mon., Mar. 23, at 8.45. Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
GROUP THEATRE Production (One Week Only).
FULGENS AND LUCRECE
by HENRY MEDWALL.
Earliest English Theatre Comedy.
First Performance since 1490.
Adm. 6s. to 1s. 4d. Box Office (Vic. 0283). 10–6.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2081.
The brilliant French interpretation of Dostoievsky's
"CRIME ET CHATIMENT" (A),
with
HARRY BAUR and PIERRE BLANCHAR.

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn. Ham 2285)
Mon. next, March 23rd, for Seven Days.
FAREWELL PERFORMANCE
ELIZABETH BERGNER in
DER TRAUMENDE MUND (A).

CONCERT

QUEEN'S HALL.
THE BACH CHOIR
PASSION SUNDAY, MARCH 29th.
ST. MATTHEW PASSION
Part 1, at 11. Part 2, at 2.30.
NOEL EADIE. ERIC GREENE.
MARY JARRED. ROY HENDERSON.
STEUART WILSON. VICTOR HARDING.
THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.
Conductor:
REGINALD JACQUES.
Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s. at Queen's Hall and
IBBS and TILLETT, 124 Wigmore Street, W.1.

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

REALLY nice Omelettes, Waffles, Maryland chicken—quiet—quick service at MRS. COOK'S, Denman Street, facing Regent Palace Hotel.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON Repertory.
Nightly at 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
The Wind and the Rain. By Merton Hodge.

LIVERPOOL Playhouse.
Evenings 7.45. Saturday 2.30.
Grief Goes Over. By Merton Hodge.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evenings, 7.30.
Give Us This Day. By Walter Greenwood.

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
Lovers' Leap. By Philip Johnson.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC 3845.*

MISCELLANEOUS

FURNITURE of all sorts to suit your pocket. We can help you in all matters connected with your house, flat or room. COX AND PINNEY, 312 King's Road, Chelsea. FLA 9970.

MACKIE'S CASTLE SHORTBREAD
becomes more popular every day.
It is packed in tins, two sizes,
and is sent by inland post for
3s. and 5s. 6d.
J. W. MACKIE & SONS LTD.
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 2.

SCHOOL HOLIDAYS. Boys and girls would be welcomed at Pinewood, Crowborough, Sussex. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, Century Theatre, Archer Street, Westbourne Grove. This Centre is open on Mondays, 7–9 p.m., during March for consultations and lending library. Particulars sent on request.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD. Send your favourite suit or sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns post free. Prices: complete suit 87s. 6d., jacket 47s. 6d. SAMUEL REDMAYNE AND SONS, No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland. Est. 1868.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

PERSONAL

STAMMERERS! YOUR FREEDOM IS CERTAIN! My method has stood the test of many years in many countries and knows no failure! It appeals to every thinking person because it is natural, practical and true. All students have my personal attention. MADAME KATHERINE WIELAERT, Grad. Perfect Voice Institute, U.S.A., c/o Weekes Studios, 14 Hanover Street, W.1.

WOMAN WRITER (young), without ties, living on £2 per week, seeks professional *woman*, similar circumstances, later share a home London or country. Or would take a room in professional woman's house. Box 86, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ARTIFICIAL SUN BATHING, Nudist Lines, both sexes, Central London Indoor Club-Solarium. Ultra-violet insolation. Prevents winter colds, rheumatics. Congenial Society, Exercises, Badminton, Socials. Box 34, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PARIS XVI. Widow and daughter offer two comfortable rooms; French lessons. Frs. 1,000 monthly. Box 65, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BOOKSHOP, Lending Library, small Publishing. Working partner with small capital required. Write: BOOKSHOP AND PARTON PRESS, 4 Parton Street, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

CREDIT NOTE of £15 on car value £60 or over for sale at £10. Box 91, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SPRING in Austria. Austrian family near Salzburg receives paying guests. Good food, pleasant home. GERMAN LESSONS. B. REEDL, Aigen bei Salzburg.

BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "The Unitarian Gospel." MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

LITVINOV SPEECH in full, League meeting analysed, valuable European survey in foremost political news review. INTERNATIONAL PRESS CORRESPONDENCE. 2d., by post 2½d.; 12s. p.a. WORKERS' BOOKSHOP, LTD., 38 Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1.

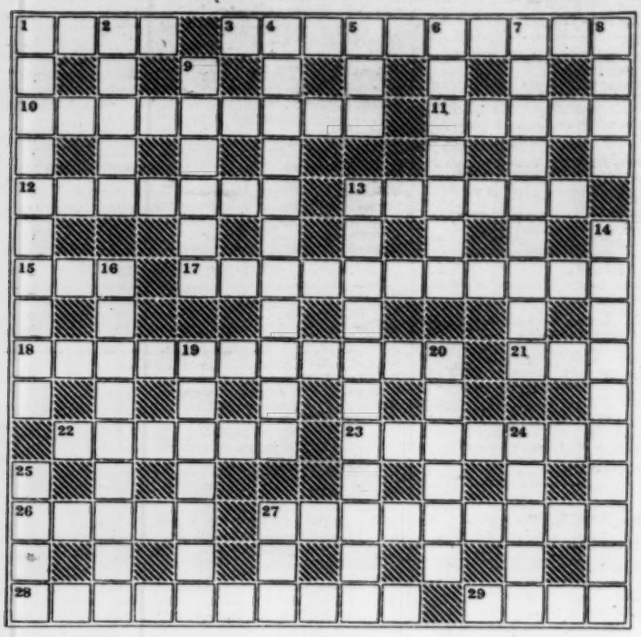
"THE old *New Age*, Orage—and Others." By Beatrice Hastings (Blue Moon Press, 1s.). Through Booksellers, or (1s. 1d. p.f.). B. H., B.C.M. J.P.D.K., London.

DAVID GASCOYNE. *Man's Life is This Meat*. 3s. 6d.
DYLAN THOMAS. *Eighteen Poems*. 3s. 6d.
GEORGE BARKER. *Thirty Preliminary Poems*. 2s. 6d.
PARTON PRESS, 4 Parton Street, W.C.1.

ALL the interesting books in this issue or any others you require can be yours for a few pence per week. Write to WORKERS' BOOKSHOP, LTD., 38 Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1, for full particulars.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 315

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
K. G. Potts, 57 Godstone Road, Purley, Surrey

ACROSS

1. Not swiftly won, according to the preacher.
3. What the false soldier carries on the march?
10. Do sailors hitch up the bedclothes with it?
11. "—— cities warred for Homer being dead."
12. Spicy way to the top mine.
13. Professional customer.
15. The rowing man doesn't only wash in it.
17. Always on the boil in working hours.
18. Turn head over heels airily.
21. Result of getting an old story off one's chest.
22. Intellectual matter.
23. Nautical swagger.
26. A cowcatcher perhaps.
27. Beer that's hotted up it seems yet not mulled.
28. Those who live in the first of 23 no doubt regard this as a catching complaint.
29. Used solely in getting about.

DOWN

1. They leave the hips bare.
2. Vanishes internally or externally.
4. They indicate when there's wind up.
5. Humbug for a child.
6. Such 20 have a dressy look.
7. Necessitous child.
8. Runs out at the end.
9. People paradoxically sit in them.
13. Wisdom impossible to a peer.
14. "Subsidiary" provision for one's family perhaps.
16. It sounds as though they would take volumes lying down.
19. Where the Italians might stumble across the possibility of oil?
20. Staple product.
24. I'm over age.
25. A sign of pitch.
27. Lamps for those who can't see very well.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

H	O	P	I	T	■	D	E	C	K	H	A	N	D	S
A	■	E	■	O	■	E	■	A	■	A	■	O	■	O
N	E	W	S	P	A	P	E	R	■	R	U	R	A	L
S	■	I	■	S	■	T	■	D	■	D	■	T	■	U
O	S	T	R	I	C	H	■	B	E	N	C	H	E	S
M	■	■	■	D	■	■	■	O	■	U	■	W	■	■
C	A	S	T	E	■	E	X	A	C	T	N	E	S	S
A	■	T	■	■	■	V	■	R	■	■	■	S	■	W
B	O	A	R	S	H	E	A	D	■	L	A	T	H	E
■	■	G	■	U	■	N	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	E
S	T	E	R	N	U	M	■	D	E	A	D	S	E	T
T	■	D	■	B	■	O	■	U	■	T	■	T	■	M
A	L	O	N	E	■	N	O	R	T	H	P	O	L	E
L	■	O	■	A	■	E	■	E	■	E	■	R	■	A
L	O	R	D	M	A	Y	O	R	■	R	E	M	I	T

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